

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.* By William Wordsworth. 12mo. pp. 349. London, 1835. Longman and Co.; Moxon.

POETRY is one of the elements of the human heart. Its influence is with all, and over all. Like the air, it blends subtly in the composition, even when we know it not. We have often heard common-place persons say, "Oh! I am no judge of poetry; it is quite out of my line." They were utterly mistaken. These very individuals, how often have they been struck into sudden enjoyment of some image that was familiar, of some feeling which they had known, clothed in language, only more musical than their own, and mingled surprise and apology with their pleasure. How many emotions, how many delights have they, which are at once the essence and the material of poetry. They have lingered to look at flowers which they planted in the small gardens of their childhood—their eyes have filled with tears when some melody has crossed their world-worn way, "of the songs which they loved from the lips of their nurse." They have felt both pity and admiration arrest their steps in the crowded streets. The simple record of these impressions would make a volume full of poetry. What, then, must such a volume be from one who is

"The master of that after mood which speaks  
Of what was passionate silence!"

We cannot but consider the exquisite pages now before us as a diary. Here are chronicled "thoughts that lie too deep for tears"—passages of beauty now to be "a joy for ever"—and feelings henceforth to be universal as "the still sweet music of humanity." We owe to Wordsworth a wide spread mythology of the heart. The poets of the land which they have made classic for ever—the great masters of Greece—called the Naiad from the silver-flowing fountain, the Dryad from the omen-haunted shadow of the oak, and the Oread from the sunny recesses of the olive and myrtle wood; but Wordsworth has done more than this; he has filled the forest glades with the sweet charities of daily life; he has stood by the lake and cast thereon the shadow of the human heart; he has asked from the flower the gentle moral of its being; and awoke in all nature with the kindling veins of general sympathy. Beautifully and truly does he say,

"Love, blessed Love, is every where  
The spirit of my song."

The God who sent us forth with the sweat upon our brow, and the serpent at our heel, knows how vile is the clay whereof we are framed; but he has not left us utterly unredeemed. The beauty of paradise yet lingers a memory and a promise upon earth; and hope points to the heaven whose light she has brought down among us. A work like the present hath grown up in such a light. It is instinct with that diviner spirit which redeems our nature. Years have passed over Wordsworth's head, and his age is declining, even as

the sun. A more tender light is upon the sky—a softer shadow falls over earth—the clouds mellow with deeper colouring—a thousand songs come from the thicket, whose leaves are hushed into sweet repose—so, throughout these poems, breathes a more intense serenity—a more perfect benevolence—a knowledge that distinguishes sweetness even in the loud beatings of the heart—hues of more entire harmony—and a wide extending music that arises even unto heaven. But we delay with ceremonious welcome at the portal of the treasure-house, which it is ours to enter. Criticism is an impertinence to such poems as follow. How completely the ensuing sonnet shews the truth of the praise which we offered. The Grecian might have given the scene its nymph living with palpable beauty in his song—the English bard calls up the kindly feeling and the gentle moral:—

"The Tromcha.

There's not a nook within this solemn pass,  
But were an apt confessional for one  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
That life is but a tale of morning grass.  
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass  
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy guest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest."

Again:—

"Highland Hut.

See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,  
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;  
And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and bred,  
Humility is humble, finds no spot  
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely poor;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy. Stand no more aloof!"

The same spirit is in the

"Countess's Pillar.

[On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"]

While the poor gather round, till the end of time  
May this bright flower of Charity display  
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;  
Flower, than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime!  
"Charity never falleth" on that creed,  
More than on written testament or deed,  
The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
Alma on this stone to be dealt out, for ever!  
"Laus Deo!" Many a stranger passing by  
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavour;  
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
Has ended, though no clerk, with "God be praised!"

We know no shape which charity assumes more touching than these "gifts of the dead." It might shame the living into more active benevolence by love and almsgiving issuing

from the tomb, which should find in the warm and living heart their perpetual altar. How simple, yet how beautiful, is the

"Incident at Bruges.

In Bruges town is many a street  
Whence busy life hath fled;  
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,  
The grass-grown pavement tread.  
There heard we, halting in the shade  
Flung from a convent-tower,  
A harp that tuneful prelude made  
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
Was fit for some gay throng;  
Though from the same grim turret fell  
The shadow and the song.  
When silent were both voice and chords  
The strain seemed doubly dear,  
Yet sad as sweet, for English words  
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;  
And pinnacle and spire  
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
Clothed with innocuous fire;  
But where we stood, the setting sun  
Shewed little of his state;  
And, if the glory reached the nun,  
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
Nor pity idly born,  
If even a passing stranger sighs  
For them who do not mourn.  
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
Captive, who'er thou be!  
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,  
And opening life to thee?  
Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
A feeling sanctified  
By one soft trickling tear that stole  
From the maiden at my side!  
Less tribute could she pay than this,  
Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
Of English liberty?"

Let our readers choose favourites for themselves:—

"Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase.

The soaring lark is blest as proud  
When at heaven's gate she sings;  
The roving bee proclaims aloud  
Her flight by vocal wings;  
While ye, in lasting durance pent,  
Your silent lives employ  
For something 'more than dull content,  
Though haply less than joy."

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
A place where joy is known,  
Where golden flash and silver gleam  
Have meanings of their own;  
While, high and low, and all about,  
Your motions, glittering elves!  
Ye weave—no danger from without,  
And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast  
Is your transparent cell;  
Where Fear is but a transient guest,  
No sullen humours dwell;  
Where, sensitive of every ray  
That smites this tiny sea,  
Your scaly panoplies repay  
The loan with usury.

How beautiful! Yet none knows why  
This ever-graceful change,  
Renewed—renewed incessantly—  
Within your quiet range.  
Is it that ye with conscious skill  
For mutual pleasure glide;  
And sometimes, not without your will,  
Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Faye—genii of gigantic size—  
And now, in twilight dim,  
Clustering like constellated eyes  
In wings of cherubim,  
When they abate their fiery glare:  
What'er your forms express,  
What'er ye seem, what'er ye are,  
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;  
Your birthright is a fence  
From all that laughter kinds endure  
Through tyranny of sense.  
Ah! not alone by colours bright  
Are ye to heaven allied,  
When, like essential forms of light,  
Ye mingle, or divide.  
For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;  
For moonlight fascinations mild  
Your gift, ere shutters close;  
Accept, mute captives! thanks and praise:  
And may this tribute prove  
That gentle admirations raise  
Delight resembling love."

"A Wren's Nest.  
Among the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little wren's  
In snugness may compare.  
No door the tement requires,  
And seldom needs a labourer's roof;  
Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious and storm-proof.  
So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect stress for its aim,  
That to the kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.  
And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,  
The hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey walls,  
A canopy in some still nook;  
Others are pent-housed by a baze  
That overhangs a brook.  
There to the brooding bird her mate  
Warbles by fits his low clear song;  
And by the busy streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long.  
Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the flitting bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.  
But still, where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best;  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest;  
This, one of those small builders proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout:  
For she who planned the mossy lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed on infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
The prettiest of the grove!  
The treasure proudly did I shew  
To some whose minds without disdain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain:  
'T is gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,  
Who needs not beauty, love, or song,  
'T is gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well.  
The primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple flower deceives.  
Concealed from friends who might disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,  
Rest, mother-bird! and when thy young  
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
When withered is the guardian flower,  
And empty thy late home,  
Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
Amid the unviolated grove  
Housed near the growing primrose tuft  
In foresight, or in love."

"The Redbreast.  
(Suggested in a Westmorland Cottage.)  
Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air,  
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,  
Brisk robin seeks a kinder home;  
Not like a beggar he come,  
But enters as a looked-for guest,  
Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
As if it were a natural shield  
Charged with a blazon on the field,  
Due to that good and pious deed  
Of which we in the ballad read.  
But pensive fancies putting by,  
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily

He plays the expert ventriloquist:  
And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,  
Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
If the soft voice he throws about  
Comes from within doors or without!  
Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
Sustained by delicate illusion?  
He's at your elbow—to your feeling  
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;  
And there's a riddle to be guessed,  
'Till you have marked his heaving breast,  
Where tiny sinking, and faint swell,  
Betray the elf that loves to dwell  
In robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the bird  
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred  
Commend him, when he's only heard.  
But small and fugitive our gain  
Compared with his who long hath lain,  
With languid limbs and patient head,  
Reposing on a lone sick-bed:  
Where now he daily hears a strain  
That cheats him of too busy cares,  
Eases his pain, and helps his prayers.  
And who but this dear bird beguiled  
The fever of that pale-faced child?  
Now cooling, with his passing wing,  
Her forehead, like a breeze of spring:  
Recalling now, with descent soft  
Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,  
And the inviolable sympathy  
Of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
Blessing the bed she lies upon:  
And sometimes, just as listening ends  
In slumber, with the cadence blends  
A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
Which old-folk, fondly pleased to trim  
Lamps of faith now burning dim,  
Say that the cherubs carved in stone,  
When clouds gave way at dead of night,  
And the moon filled the church with light,  
Used to sing in a heavenly tone,  
Above and round the sacred places  
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice-happy creature! in all lands  
Nurtured by hospitable hands:  
Free entrance to this cot has he,  
Entrance and exit both yet free;  
And, when the keen unuffled weather  
That thus brings man and bird together,  
Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
And casement closed and door made fast,  
To keep at bay the howling blast,  
He needs not fear the season's rage,  
For the whole house is robin's cage.  
Whether the bird sit here or there,  
O'er table lit, or perch on chair,  
Though some may frown, and make a stir  
To scare him as a trespasser,  
And he belike will flinch and start,  
Good friends he has to take his part:  
One chiefly, who with voice and look  
Pleads for him from the chimney nook,  
Where sits the dame, and wears away  
Her long and vacant holiday:  
With images about her heart,  
Reflected from the years gone by,  
On human nature's second infancy."

We shall conclude with a brief mosaic of  
single thoughts, and lines, and images. "Yar-  
row revisited," where—

"We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling."

Life of a solitary hermit.

"A choice that wears the aspect of a doom."

Exquisite image:

"And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which angels make, on works of love descending."

The influence of May:

"The inmost heart of man if glad  
Partakes a livelier cheer;  
And eyes that cannot but be sad  
Let fall a brightened tear."

Season of fancy and of hope,  
Permit not for one hour  
A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
Nor add to it a flower!  
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part!"

Love:

"He loved, he hoped—a holy flame  
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  
The passion of a moment came  
As on the wings of years."

\* The words

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on,"  
are part of a child's prayer, still in general use through the  
northern counties.

The captive:

"Who can divine what impulses from God  
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,  
From his poor perch or two of daisied sod?"

A Roman conqueror:

"Shedding from his car  
The sunset splendours of a finished war."

We cannot do better than describe his own  
song by his own lines, where he speaks of

"Those heart-moving words—  
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;  
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
Informs the fountains in the human breast  
That by the visitation was disturbed."

Nor better bid him farewell than in his own

"Blessings be with him and eternal praise,  
The poet who on earth has made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight in heavenly lays."

*The Wife, and Woman's Reward.* By the  
Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols. 12mo. Lon-  
don, 1835. Saunders and Otley.

WHAT a strange thing is society in the present  
time, so complicated in its relations, so hidden,  
and so false! The greater elements have always  
been the same—love, hate, ambition, have,  
from the first, produced their constant conse-  
quences of joy, crime, and feverish care. But  
on the first digging up of the mighty mine, the  
human heart, the ore lay nearer to the surface,  
and the after shapes into which it was wrought  
were of simpler moulding. Now every thing  
lies down below "full fifty fathom," every  
thing is intricate, and wears "fantastic seem-  
ing which itself is not," and herein consists the  
charm of what are called "novels of manners."  
They examine, they dissect, and they unmask.  
Hence, also, comes the female progress in litera-  
ture. All writers owe much to their position;  
and the present is peculiarly favourable to the  
exercise of feminine talent. Women are rarely  
great creators, but they are great observers;  
and when they do think, which they never do  
in the first instance, they do not think the less  
truly for having, as it were, felt out their way.  
They now divide society; and much of its false  
seeming, and more of its suffering, belongs to  
themselves. Their penetration is equal to its  
deception, and their knowledge winds through  
its labyrinth. They are eminently calculated  
to paint what requires a colour so fine, and an  
outline so nicely accurate. Mrs. Norton's story  
is of the present times, and present feelings,  
and such she is admirably calculated to write.  
She has grace, tact, perception, and that dra-  
matic power of making the events stand visibly  
out before the reader, which is the secret of  
giving interest. We read on, and want to  
know the end, because the charm of reality is  
flung over the narrative—the characters have  
the interest of acquaintance. There are so  
many passages over which we pause—their  
truth has come home, through some touch of  
our own experience, brought unexpectedly be-  
fore us. The language of dim thought has  
suddenly been translated into that of actual  
use. The faults of the present work are mostly  
those common to all young writers, too many  
characters are introduced; and there is a ten-  
dency to exaggeration; a worse fault is also a  
sort of affectation of morality—morality that  
deals in set sentences and denunciations. Now  
true morality is like charity, it vaunteth not  
itself; and, like the violet, is rather known by  
its perfume than its presence. There is a deeper  
and sweeter lesson of good in such a picture as  
that of Mary, than in some dozen of pages and  
half pages which are somewhat like the in-  
scriptions from copy-books, that trained the  
days of our youth in the way they should go.  
But these are minor faults, which may well be

forgotten in the truth, feeling, and freshness to be found in these tales. We should say that their writer appears to have a more comic vein than she has here indulged. What can be more capital than the following sketch of "the best room." We should preface it by observing, that Lionel is a rich ward, who is "to be made much of."

"The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Bigley ushered her guests into a large cold drawing-room, with linen covers on most of the furniture, and ditto on all the chandeliers. About four really fine pictures, several hideous *silhouettes*, and an innumerable quantity of bad miniatures and tolerable engravings, in very shewy frames, relieved at intervals the bareness of the walls, which were papered in pale peach colour, with gold mouldings and cornices. Each table had a carved ivory or filigree silver work-box under a glass-case, and one or two other equally useful articles; on the chimney-piece, amid a confused selection of screens and ill-painted card-racks, stood a large French clock, with a musical box below, and an or-molu group above, representing an old man rowing a little boy in a boat the size of a cockle-shell, and inscribed was the ingenious and novel device, 'Le Temps fait passer l'Amour.' The only person\* in the room was Hyacinth, who, looking more uncomfortable than ever, sat vainly endeavouring to warm herself at the smoky and reluctant fire which half-filled the magnificent polished grate. 'How cold it is,' said Lionel, as he drew a chair and sat down on the opposite side. 'Yes, it is very cold in this room,' said Hyacinth, with a heavy sigh. There was a pause. 'Can you lend me a book?' resumed young Dupré, looking round as if seeking for some stray publication. 'I can fetch you one; there are no books in this room.' 'By Jove though, here is one; the pamphlet Mr. Patterson thought so clever, upon steam machinery; this will do; give me a paper-knife.' 'There is no paper-knife in this room, but you can take a card from the mantel-piece, it will cut the leaves quite as well.' 'No, never mind; perhaps he wants to bind his pamphlets, and dislikes their being opened carelessly; I remember my father used to dislike it. I know what I'll do—I'll make memorandums of what I wish to say to-day; I dare say Mary will get and nervous when the will is read, and that will put every thing out of my head.' 'Are you looking for any thing?' murmured his chilly companion, as she observed Lionel shifting from table to table enquiringly. 'Yes, I'm looking for a blotting-book and an inkstand; where are they?' 'A blotting-book! dear me, there is no blotting-book in this room; and none of the inkstands have any ink in them, mamma's so afraid of their being broken.' 'Why is there nothing in this room?' said Lionel, with impatient irony, as he returned and flung himself back in his chair; 'and why do you sit here, if it is the most comfortable room in the house?' 'We never do sit here,' said Hyacinth, in a more plaintive tone than she had hitherto assumed, 'except when there's company. We sit in the room where you found us last night.' 'How you shiver,' said her companion, as she concluded the last phrase. 'Yes; it is partly having on this white gown; you're no idea how cold it is, after my brown merinos.' 'And why do you wear it, when you have already got a cold?' 'We always do wear white when there's company; and mamma particularly desired when you came—' 'I am sure,' said

\* Yet Lionel appears to have been present: an oversight.—Ed. L. G.

Lionel, leaning back in his chair with half a yawn and half a laugh, 'I don't care what gown you wear. How old are you?' 'I'm fourteen.' 'And how old is Rosabel?' 'Ten. She seems much younger because she has such baby ways; but she was ten last month. She was called baby till she was six, and then papa forbade it.' 'I wish you'd fetch her,' ejaculated Lionel, this time with an undisguised yawn. 'It hurts me so to move; but I will.' 'No, no; don't go if it gives you pain.' 'Oh, it isn't much; and mamma particularly desired everything should be done to amuse you.' 'I wonder if that is the reason she left you in this room,' muttered he, half aloud."

Is not the following, too, from real life, though on a theatre? It is the *début* of a young actress, of whose performance considerable expectations have been raised.

"After the rising sun had been duly appreciated in verse, and the blue hills in the distance mentioned in prose, the gentleman from London appeared; and having bowed two or three times in grateful acknowledgment of the welcome he received at the hands of the Worthing public, clasped his own hands, and inquired, in the key of G, where his love, his shepherdess, could possibly be. His voice was a very sweet and full tenor; and when he concluded with a prolonged shake on the word 'part,' in the third repetition of the expressive line,

'To die were better than to part from thee,'

the applause and cries of *encore* were so vehement, that it was doubtful whether the audience would ever be further informed as to the present occupation of the fair object of his attachment. Three times did he inquire where his shepherdess was; each time with the same clasping of the hands, and the same shake on the word 'part,' during which he stretched his arms towards the gallery, and then despairingly dropped the left, while, leaning the right against a tree, he tranquilly awaited the appearance of the person whose coming was supposed to be a pleasing surprise. \* \* \*

She came, bounding on the stage, her light figure set off to the utmost advantage by the correctest of peasant's dresses, and her rich golden hair plaited with blue riband down to her waist. Her smile we have already noticed; and sweeter even than her smile was the sound of her laugh: it was like the laugh of a child; so full of merriment and music, that you involuntarily paused as you heard it, and envied the lightness of heart that could produce it. There is nothing which is so rarely graceful as laughter: nothing which a pretty woman should more carefully study, or more carefully avoid. We have our beau idéal of a laugh, as of every thing else in this world: it should not be too loud and hearty, nor feeble and affected as a school-girl's titter: it should not distort and convulse the features, and yet it must have a whole heart's gaiety in it: it should not seem forced, as a tribute of acquiescence in our having said 'a good thing,' and yet it must give the welcome impression that we are ourselves the inspirers, as we are the sharers of that merriment. It should sound kindly, even while it mocks, and not die away in a sneer of bitterness or contempt: it should be low and even; and not startle the ear into displeased attention. The perfection of a laugh (and it is far easier to say what it should not be than what it should) is to be welcome even to those who do not hear the jest which called it forth: who, hearing the laugh, and the laugh only, look round and smile, and return again to their own occupations. \* \* \*

As we have said,

she came bounding on, and startled the musing lover of the piece by a mocking laugh, whose peculiar beauty and merriment elicited a burst of applause. The young couple then advanced, and prepared to sing a duet. A spirited and lively accompaniment was played, and the eyes of the attentive audience were fixed on the imaginary peasant girl, when she was observed to pause,—to falter,—and remain silent. In vain her Swiss lover spoke in an anxious and under tone,—in vain the prompter prompted,—in vain the musicians repeated the symphony, that she might have time to gain courage. The smile faded from her lovely face; she gave a wild, melancholy stare round the house; and finally, as the mingled storm of encouragement and disapprobation rose from the excited audience, she burst into tears, and was led off the stage. The curtain was lowered for a moment, and, being raised again, a comic song (originally intended to have been introduced between the first and second piece) was performed, and listened to with tolerable patience. But when the curtain was again dropped, and one of the gentlemen in the Swiss costume came forward to state that Miss Fitzharris was too indisposed to reappear, but that Miss Long (the regular prima donna of the company) had kindly undertaken to supply her place, the indignation of the audience knew no bounds. Yells, hooting, whistling, groans, and exclamations, resounded through the house; and when the manager, a pale, fine-looking man, in the dress of a brigand chief, appeared, he was assailed with hisses and continued yells, while orange-peel and other things were thrown on the stage with a rapidity and violence which compelled him to retreat. \* \* \*

A fresh burst of riot (in which, however, applause predominated) was at length hushed, that the manager might be heard. He spoke under considerable agitation and embarrassment, looked far paler and more alarmed than a bandit chief ought to do, and now and then he paused and cleared his throat, as if affected by the substance of what he had to communicate. At length he wound up a somewhat long and submissive apology with the following remarkable sentences:—'Sirs, while the poor player is fretting his hour on the stage, does it never enter your minds to think of his private feelings? Does it never strike you, that, perhaps, whilst ministering to your amusement, his heart may be grieved, or his body racked with pain?—that, while you are laughing at a joke he has echoed a hundred times, he may be tired or sad; fearing arrest, or anxious about a dying friend; he may (and there are well-known instances of this) be standing before you, painted and tinselled for the mockery of the night, and know at that very time that certain death is near at hand, stealing upon him by degrees, and to end at last in agony? Yes, sirs, this is often the player's fate; and in spite of all this he must act. The public who applaud his talents have small compassion for his infirmities; they wait impatiently till he has struggled from his sick-bed, or been liberated from a prison; he must appear—sick, sad, and anxious though he be,—or he must forfeit his engagement, and with it his means of subsistence. Sirs, the appearance of the accomplished actress, who this night attempted to perform the part of *Phoebe*, has been delayed a week, by a grievous affliction. She nerved herself for her task, she believed herself sufficiently strong to succeed; she has failed, and your disapprobation is excited. But, when I inform you that the poor young creature you have hissed off the stage, buried her child, a beautiful

infant of nearly two years old, last Saturday; that she is a friendless stranger, without any ties but that she has lost; when I tell you that the peasant girl, whose merry laugh you applauded, has wept unceasingly for the last eight days: surely every heart will pity her distress, and feel that their disappointment is light in comparison."

We have spoken of the exaggeration: as an instance, we must point out the principal incident on which *Woman's Reward* turns, viz. Mary's conduct to her lover: it is as impossible as unjustifiable. *The Wife*, which, though the shortest and last of the stories, gives its name to the whole, is a very sweet and touching story—the beginning especially beautiful. As a whole, we welcome these volumes like a fine morning, not only for its present fairness, but for the bright and coming day which it promises.

*Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal during the years 1832, 3, and 4.*  
By Lieut.-Col. Lovell Badcock. 8vo. pp. 407. London, 1835. Bentley.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BADCOCK being employed on political missions, first into Spain, next to Oporto during its siege, and lastly to Lisbon and elsewhere, kept a journal of what he did and saw, from which this volume is extracted. It is exactly what it professes to be; the rough notes of a traveller, who, at a very peculiar time, passed over some interesting places and witnessed many critical scenes. Of Portugal he speaks in terms of warm praise; of Spain, the reverse. Of the Pedroites and Miguelites, and their struggle for the crown, his accounts are the more important to the elucidation of the truth as to the state of popular feeling, because he appears to have been in the interests of the finally successful party; and, at all events, his narrative shews how great were the impositions practised by the press on public credulity during the contest. But we shall not enter into these questions now: suffice it for us to exhibit by a few extracts the character of the work before us.

Of the author's first expedition into Spain from Portugal we need say little, as, indeed, it is little more than an itinerary, diversified by the jealousies and perils to which he was exposed in those disquiet times between hostile parties and frontiers. At the end he sums up:—

"Thus, in the course of a few months, I had traversed a considerable part of Spain, and visited many places interesting to a soldier who had served there before. Being the object of jealousy and dislike to a government which could not bear the thoughts of being overlooked by a stranger, my time had passed by no means agreeably; the Spanish pride was also hurt, lest their weakness and poverty should be seen by me. Having arrived at the frontier town, I began to consider of the best and safest way of getting to Lisbon. I had found it very difficult before the civil war commenced; now it was going on, and I could obtain no information of what parties I might fall in with, or which side was likely to be successful; the Spaniards were as silent as their walls, but were evidently in favour of Don Miguel: so, at least, were all the ruling powers. I was too well known on the road to make it an agreeable trip, and the system of bringing you with a guard up through the middle of the town to the governor's house, was any thing but agreeable in my situation."

Of the general intelligence of the Spaniards, one anecdote may be enough.

"The Spaniards of all ranks, from royalty

downwards, are generally fond of walking. One afternoon I fell in with my patrona and her daughter, the Marchioness of Castellanos, walking about a league from the town, with the old family carriage in waiting, a vehicle that seemed to have been built in the time of Gil Blas. They there readily entered into conversation. The marchioness's only son was engaged to marry an heiress of a family near Salamanca: he is a spoiled and illiterate youth, bred amongst the domestics. The bride elect appeared to be a good looking and amiable young lady. She expressed much anxiety to travel, and wished to know if she could arrive in England without crossing the sea. I was seriously asked if the nearest route was by Gibraltar or Barcelona. Many Spaniards believe Gibraltar to be joined to Great Britain, as they cannot suppose we could hold a fortress in Spain."

Much as we have heard of the famous siege of Oporto, Col. Badcock still supplies us with new and interesting particulars. On arriving, he was shewn by Marshal Solignac a review of its defenders; and relates—

"The British were drawn up in the left centre; they were composed of troops, some of whom were intended originally as marines, had served on board the fleet, and were called regiments of the queen. The Irish regiment was not then formed; some Scotch were at Lordello under the command of Major Shaw, an officer of much experience. I never beheld such a motley crew as this corps, having been accustomed to see our well-clothed and well-appointed regular troops; and if there had not been something of the devil's daring in their eyes, I could not have supposed them my countrymen: they were true pictures of Falstaff's corps. They were mostly in rags and tatters; some almost without breeches; few with shoes and stockings; some in uniform, others partly so: a few had chacos; they were armed with muskets and bayonets without scabbards; in short, they wanted all the necessary appointments and accoutrements for the field. The marshal had made all the corps go through the motions of priming, loading, and firing, in his route; a necessary part of such an army's instruction. He desired the British to do the same. The officer in command came forward and said he could not venture to let them do so; some had not learned the use of arms, many had their pieces loaded with ball-cartridge, and a large portion were drunk. The marshal paused a moment, and then said, 'Croissez les baïonnettes.' He had dismounted, and was in front; I recommended him to retire a little distance, knowing what sort of fellows they would be with that arm (indeed the marshal had felt that formerly, as he was one of the French generals in Porto when we crossed the Douro under the Duke of Wellington). The men immediately charged, and put all the spectators to flight, who ran till the lines stopped them; the marshal skipping out of their way as fast as he could. He observed their mettle, and, turning to me, said, 'Mon brave colonel, voilà des loups:' he promised they should be provided and clothed like the other troops. The marshal then proceeded round to the left, where the French were drawn up. Some of them rivalled the British in rags, but they were in general more completely armed and clothed. There were a few Italian riflemen dressed in green, with bright red facings. All I saw under arms did not amount to 5000 men."

Again, after some experience of the warfare, he says:—

"It had long been evident that Don Pedro's army could not act upon the offensive, and they did not seem able even to keep their defensive position, but suffered their enemies to erect batteries wherever they pleased; indeed, I believe, that the Miguelites might have placed one in the middle of the city without interruption. The marshal said, 'We have no powder, and we are *acclimaté*; a battery, more or less, will not signify.' The emperor declared that he expected large reinforcements, and that he should await events. The press, at the same time, extolled all the repulses into splendid victories gained by the Pedroites; represented that the city did not suffer at all; indeed, that every thing bore the stamp of happiness and enthusiasm. The writer for one of our popular newspapers was glad, however, to take refuge pretty quickly on board a British man-of-war. The press talked of innumerable desertions to the queen's party, so that people in England imagined affairs were going on in the most prosperous manner, and that Miguel had no army left, whereas he had a most faithful one, while Don Pedro was on the very brink of ruin, and only existed by the great military blunders and intrigues of the opposing generals. The citizen soldiers, forced into the service, were quite fatigued, with the length of the affair, and used to ask me continually when I thought it would be over, and whether England would at last interfere. Trade was all ruined in the town; hundreds, perhaps thousands of people were either starved to death, or carried off by disease, arising from want. The British merchants who traded in bacalhao, rice, and other stores, made, no doubt, a good thing of it; but all others were ruined. Still the Portuguese inhabitants never complained, but said, that Heaven punished them for their sins. The foreigners, however, were not so resigned; but continually broke out into mutinies and threats. They were always rationed in a better way than the Portuguese; and when a supply of cattle arrived, part of it was sent to the hospitals, part to the foreigners, and the remainder was sold in the market for the use of the citizens, or people who could afford to purchase it, at 2s. 6d. or 3s. per pound. But these supplies were only occasional. Rice, cabbage-sprouts, and bacalhao (which also was nearly expended), together with some milk-bread, or biscuit, and a precarious supply of fish, caught at night, were the food of the best provided."

"The city had now been for six months besieged, and although it had suffered considerably, it still reared its head undauntedly. From the nature of the place, it suffered less from a bombardment than most other towns would have done. The strength of the houses, built in general of immense blocks of granite, defied all but the most powerful missiles. The numberless small gardens continually received the shells, which, burying themselves deep in the rich mould, were either smothered and did not explode, or their explosion did not do so much damage. At this season, and indeed at all times of the year, the gardens were filled with the most beautiful flowers. The vineyards of the whole country around were in bloom, and added to the fragrance of the air; so that in the interim of sulphur and smoke, the atmosphere was quite perfumed with the sweet smell of plants. There is a magnolia tree in the garden of a British merchant (Mr. Taylor), at Villar, of immense size. The girth is ten feet six inches; the spread seventeen yards, and the flowers two feet six inches round. This beautiful tree suffered from the shot, receiving one in the trunk

and several of its fine branches were cut off, so that I doubt its surviving much longer. The *Camellia japonica* blooms here in the open air, in every variety, some of which are sweet-scented. Beautiful jasmines, amongst others the Carolina yellow creeping jasmine, twist most gracefully about the pilasters in the gardens. The light and feathery mimosas, of every sort, abound; whilst evergreen briar-roses, with single and double flowers, grow out of the walls. Hedges of the fuchsia [*q. fuchsia*] and of the beautiful double-blossomed oleanders and pomegranates, are in every garden. Also that pleasant and agreeable plant, the sweet-scented heath, so much beloved by the Portuguese, and called by them *sempre noiva* (always a bride), or *alma crim del norte*. These, with orange and lemon trees of all varieties, the charming little tangerines, and the large Brazilian oranges, afford flowers, fruit, and shade in most gardens. Besides all the various roses, are ranunculuses of yellow, white, scarlet, and so brilliantly variegated that the eye can scarcely dwell upon them: the azalias, trias, kalmias, and all the commoner plants of our gardens, abound here. Amongst other flowers I must not forget to mention the carnations, of which they have here the finest specimens of every colour; and I believe that there is not a house or balcony in all Portugal, without them. There are also a kind of plants called cheroens, with rich scarlet or yellow blossoms, which are seen hanging from most balconies. But were I to enumerate half the flowers that this country produces, I should much exceed the limits of this hasty narrative."

"And all but the spirit of man was divine;"

How lavish of beauties and enjoyments is nature; how cruelly are they defaced and marred by man? The daily loss of lives amid these parterres of lovely flowers, the blood of women and children mangled by shells and bullets, flowing upon their roots, and the wounded citizen or soldier rolling in mortal agony among their gay blossoms; what a lesson to the moralist, what a reproach to the philosopher, what a shame to the Christian! Let us away from the sickening sight\* to Lisbon, when the destruction of the Miguelite fleet had relieved Oporto from her greatest danger, and transferred the seat of war to Lisbon.

*Kerhonah, the Vernal Walk, Win Hill, and other Poems.* By Ebenezer Elliott. Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 298. London, 1835. Steill.

POEMS and poets, or rather, perhaps, with reference to our remark, Poets and poems may occupy very dissimilar spheres; and, though the name is similar,—genius,—fulfil purposes the most different. One may stimulate the mind to virtue, another debauch it; one create contentment, another discontent; one draw sweets out of nature, another poisons; one find and exhibit an even-handed, overruling providence in human affairs, which exempts no man living, nor no class, from the common

\* We must, however, add a note. Soon after—"Some peasants gave information that the Miguelites had thrown some of their heavy guns and mortars into the river, and amongst others the celebrated João Paulo Cordeiro. It was brought in in triumph (twenty-four bullocks drawing it), and was placed in the Praça Nova, now called Praça de Don Pedro. It was one of Miller's new guns, an eighty-four pounder, and threw either shots or shells. The people patted and stroked it as they would have done any wild beast just secured. Much ammunition also was brought in. I dined with Mr. Harris and met a large party of merchants. The dining-room had received one shell during the bombardment. Nothing particular occurred for several days, except that the garrison was still further reduced by the embarkation of the Irish for Lisbon, the true accounts from which place were any thing but satisfactory. I generally rode out with Sir Thomas Stables to see what was doing or to be done."

share of human troubles; another teach that there are men and classes lapt in paradisiacal enjoyments, while their fellows suffer imaginable wrongs and sorrows, which they ought to avenge; one paint the world as a tolerable, the other as an intolerable world to live in. And there are shades between: Byron was no optimist, Scott no depreciator, Crabbe no encomiast, Moore no puritan.

In an earlier page we have noticed a volume by Wordsworth, and we believe that neither Wordsworth nor Elliott would thank us for placing them as poets in juxtaposition. But they are both poets, though the antipodes of each other. What Wordsworth is, we have now and often declared; and our published opinion of Elliott has, we observe, procured us his complimentary acknowledgment in the preface to this volume. How strange that gifted men should take such opposite views of life. Elliott is as finely alive to the beauties of nature as Wordsworth himself, and it is impossible to be more; and yet how hot and fierce are the conclusions he draws from what he deems the evils of our system, how contrasted with the high philosophic principles of his elder brother bard! Would Elliott, a peaceful dweller on the lovely lakes, have been a powerful yet a gentle reclamer of the errors of humanity;—would Wordsworth, a mechanic in a busy and populous manufacturing town, have been the furious monomaniac against the social ills he attributed to certain causes? It is curious to fancy the effect that situation and circumstances may have on temperament and conduct. Sure we are, that under better auspices, the subject of these suggestions would himself have been more free from blemishes which disfigure his happier qualities; and, like the condition of things against which he levels his denunciations, would have required less reform.

But what have we to do with his bread-tax and bread-taxocracies? It is with the poet, not the politician, the lover of nature's fruits, and not the radical, that we love to consort. We can see that there is much of barrenness in the world, but we will not say "tis barren all;" we can see that there is much of bad, but all are not bad; and we only wish we could teach ourselves and others to mend what is wrong in our own course before we fall foul of the grievous crimes of our brethren, be they low or high, beggars or peers, democrats or aristocrats, bread-eaters or cannibals.

Respecting Mr. Elliott, personally, we abstain from comment, and are satisfied with his own epitaph (epitaphs, by the way, are an improvement upon autobiographies, and we heartily wish that the majority of autobiographers would be induced to adopt them instead, were it only for the sake of shortness):—

"A Poet's Epitaph.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies,  
The Poet of the Poor.  
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
The meadow, and the moor;  
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,  
The tyrant, and the slave—  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace, and the grave!  
Sin met thy brother every where!  
And is thy brother blamed?  
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,  
He no exemption claim'd.  
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
He fear'd to scorn or hate;  
But, honouring in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great,  
He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes  
The poor man's little more:  
Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes  
From plunder'd labour's store.  
A hand to do, a head to plan,  
A heart to feel and dare—  
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are."

This is not very good poetry, and not without its dash of presumption. But as the Poet of the Poor (as he delights to call himself) is not a poor poet, we shall be pacified with his epitaph for the present, and only hope that at a far distant day he may deserve a much higher tribute: for there is intense feeling in all the nobler portions of his writings; and it is only when he descends to the common slang of the tap, and the babble of factious newspapers, that he sinks below that line which stamps him among the sons of song. Take, for example, these verses in a poem on the factory children at Preston Mills on some holiday procession:—

"All in their best they paced the street,  
All glad that they were free;  
And sung a song with voices sweet—  
They sung: of Liberty!  
But from their lips the rose had fled,  
Like 'death-in-life' they smiled;  
And still, as each passed by, I said,  
Alas! is that a child?"

It was as if, where roses blushed,  
A sudden, blasting gale,  
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rufed,  
And turned the roses pale.  
It was as if, in glen and grove,  
The wild birds sadly sung,  
And every linnet mourn'd its love,  
And every thrush its young.  
It was as if, in dungeon gloom,  
Where chain'd despair reclined,  
A sound came from the living tomb,  
And hymned the passing wind.  
And while they sang, and though they smiled,  
My soul groan'd heavily—  
Oh, who would be or have a child!  
A mother who would be!"

The other verses are exaggerated, but these are finely wrought; and we think the following, especially from the 7th to the 14th verse inclusive, as pathetic a piece as ever was penned:—

"Come and Gone.

The silent moonbeams on the drifted snow  
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,  
While through the cottage-door the yule log's glow  
Cast on the iced oak's trunks and grey rock's brow  
A ruddy hue.  
The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,  
Like happy groom and bride,  
With azure green, and emerald-orange glare,  
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,  
Lie side by side.  
The door is open, and the fire burns bright,  
And Hannah at the door  
Stands, —through the clear, cold, mooned, and starry,  
night,  
Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen height,  
O'er the white moor.  
'Tis Christmas eve! and, from the distant town,  
Her pale apprentice son  
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,  
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown  
Ere well begun.  
The Holy Book unread upon his knee,  
Old Alfred watcheth calm;  
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he,  
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,  
Nor chant the psalm.  
And comes he not? Yea; from the wind-swept hill  
The cottage fire he sees:  
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,  
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill  
Shine through green trees.  
In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;  
In thought, the sheep-boy's call;  
In thought, he meets his mother at the door;  
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,  
'Thank God for ill.'  
His sister he beholds, who died when he,  
In London bound, wept o'er  
Her last sad letter; vain her prayer to see  
Poor Edwin yet again!—he ne'er will be  
Her playmate more!  
No more with her will hear the bitter boom  
At evening's dewy close!  
No more with her will wander where the broom  
Contents in beauty with the hawthorn bloom,  
And budding rose!  
Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,  
Recalls us when we roam!  
In living light it bids the dimmed eye roll,  
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,  
And bears it home."

Home!—That sweet word hath turned his pale lip red,  
Relaxed his restless eye;  
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread,  
The earl rose that seemed for ever dead.

Returns to die.

Home! home! Behold the cottage of the moor,  
That hears the sheep-boy's call!  
And Hannah meets him at the open door  
With faint, fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,  
'Thanks God for all.'

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast  
She claps him, heart to heart;  
His hands between his father's hands are pressed;  
They sob with joy, caressing and caressed.

How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!  
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?  
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?  
Why dread the hectic flower, which blossoms eth?  
That worms may feed:

They talk of other days, when, like the birds  
He culled the wild flower's bloom,  
And roamed the moorland with the houseless herds,  
They talk of Jane's and prayer, and her last words,  
'Is Edwin come?'

He wept. But still, almost till morning beamed,  
They talked of Jane—then slept:  
But, though he slept, his eyes, half open, gleamed;  
For still of dying Jane her brother dreamed,  
And dreaming wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought  
The churchyard where she lies;  
He found her name beneath the snow-wreath wrought,  
Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought,  
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep  
In the heart's depth awake:  
To his sad mother—pausing oft to weep—  
He gave a token, which he bade her keep  
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig and auburn tress,  
Together twined and tied.  
He left them, then, for ever! could they less  
Than bless and love that type of tenderness?—  
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherished thought they wore,  
And till their latest breath  
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift o'er and o'er;  
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more  
In life or death!

For where the upland sea of trouble foams,  
And sorrow's billows rave,  
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,  
Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,  
Dug Edwin's grave."

In the poem called "Win-Hill," there are some beautiful parts. On the wildest summit (for instance) a skeleton was found; and the author says, gloriously,

"He died. But still the winds that lov'd him came  
And whispered, though he made them no reply,  
And still his friends, the clouds, bedew'd his frame  
With frozen tears, less cold than charity.  
But little men, whom summer brought to see  
The heathcock's plumes, beheld him where he lay.  
And robb'd him of that glorious tomb, which he  
Chose in his pride; bearing his bones away,—  
His proud, insulted bones,—to mix with common clay."

"The Excursion," also, possesses much beauty, though it begins with an appalling treble-shotted address to Mrs. Elliott—

"Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!  
Wife of my bosom," &c. &c. &c.—

and talks of handcuffing God, and other matters hardly within the bounds of poetical judgment. But we will quote just two or three brief samples of the sterling:—

"'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,  
By the truant in the bright and breeze-bless'd day,  
Far from the town—where strop the sons of care  
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray."

On a flower:—

"Blue Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow  
In flower-lov'd England! Flower, whose hedgeride  
gaze  
Is like an infant's! what heart doth not know  
Thee, cluster'd smiles of the bank! where plays  
The sunbeam on the emerald make, and strays  
The dazling rill, companion of the road  
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days  
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,  
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an  
ode."

An old blind man walking forth:—

"Like gold on snow  
Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!  
Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!"

An affectionate child:—

"Ye saw my feelings round that mother grow,  
Like green leaves round the root!"

These are but specimens of a hundred thoughts and expressions which win from us our true acknowledgement of the author's high desert; and if we cannot, in justice, conclude without confessing our great disappointment at his inequalities, we shall at least be short in our allusion to them. There are two dramatic sketches, which prove that he has no dramatic skill or powers; and the following are samples of what is most unworthy of him, or any one:

"Epigram.

'Come, at last!' said Horns to Eldon,  
'Better late than never:  
My depute! thou long hast well done;  
Keep my seals for ever."

"Song.

Oh, why is gladness turn'd to woe?  
And wealth to beggary, too?  
John Payall! if thou dost not know,  
Ask Blucher's Waterloo?  
And why doth hope take wing and fly?  
And why is conscience gone?  
Ask Pitt in hell—or, by and by,  
Ask Famine's Wellington!"

His hatred of Wellington and Waterloo is indeed rabid; but we are loath to dwell on the drawbacks which deform so sadly where there is so much to admire.

*The Gipsy: a Tale.* By the Author of "Riche-lieu," "Mary of Burgundy," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

A ROMANTIC and interesting story, quite out of Mr. James's usual line;—surprises, difficulties, &c. crowd closely upon each other till the *dénouement*, which is somewhat forced and improbable. We give an animated scene of the gipsy's escape. A question arises out of a previous trial, whether or not this gipsy chieftain shall or not be committed; and a Mr. Simpson says a certain course cannot be pursued.

"And why not, sir?" demanded Lord Dewry; 'I believe that I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Simpson, though time has somewhat altered his features: if so, I address both a humane and reasonable man; and I ask, why cannot the plain and straightforward course I propose be pursued at once?' 'Let them have their way, William de Vaux! Let them have their way!' cried the gipsy, whose dark features had been working under the influence of many a contending passion since his friend had appeared. 'Let them have their way! One and all they are set in their own hearts to do injustice. What, indeed, are they there for, but to dispense that kind of injustice that you call law? Let them have their way! They are but working out the inevitable will of fate; and though they bring the curse of innocent blood upon their head, they needs must do it.' 'If your lordship, during your long absence, have not forgot entirely the customs of this country,' replied Mr. Simpson, as soon as he could make himself heard, 'you will perceive at once, that, as one of the unfortunate victims of this deer-stealing affray has died in this very house, not half an hour ago, it is our bounden duty not to discharge a prisoner against whom a charge upon oath of participation in the crime has been made by an eye-witness, until the coroner shall have sat upon the body, and returned a verdict; nor have we, I believe, any right to take the matter out of the coroner's hands, by previously examining the witnesses, which must afterwards appear before his jury. I am grieved to oppose you, I am grieved to inflict further imprisonment on a man of whose innocence I do not entertain any strong doubts; but Harvey, the head keeper,

has sworn that the prisoner was present, aiding and abetting, when Sir Roger Millington was wounded, and we should not be justified even in receiving bail till the coroner's jury have returned their verdict.' Lord Dewry bit his lip, and remained silent for a few moments, while Mr. Arden rubbed his hands, and elevated his eyebrows with the air of a man who considers all opposition is silenced: and the gipsy eyed the bench of magistrates with a look in which scorn was the only expression that tempered hatred and indignation. 'Pray, sir, how long must it be ere the coroner can be summoned?' demanded the peer. 'You know not what you are inflicting upon a man as honest as any one present. To him every hour of his freedom is more than life; and I could give you fully sufficient proof to shew that, while his innocence of the crime charged against him is clear, the punishment inflicted on him by imprisonment cannot be estimated by the feelings of other men under such circumstances.' 'The coroner cannot even be summoned to-day, my Lord,' replied Mr. Arden; 'and, consequently, it must be to-morrow or the next day ere the gipsy can be liberated, even if the result be as favourable to him as you expect. But what are two or three days spent in a snug warm room to a man who has never known any thing better than a hovel in a sand-pit? Where is the great hardship? I see no very severe infliction.' 'To him it is the most severe,' replied Lord Dewry; 'and if it be possible——' 'Cease, cease, William,' cried Pharold, in a bitter and earnest tone; 'you degrade those noble lips, by pleading in vain to men who can neither understand your heart nor mine. Besides, it matters not, it matters not. The long weary line of life has come to its end with me. All that I had to do is done. I have seen you break through all your good and wise designs, all your humane and generous scruples, for the purpose of defending and delivering me; I have seen you return to your home, and claim your own; and so far I have seen my utmost desire. But hear what I have seen more,' he continued, with a rising tone, while his eye flashed, his dark cheek flushed, and his brows knit together,—'hear what I have seen more, William de Vaux, and then see whether I ought to care for any thing else after. I have seen my people mock my care, and refuse my counsels! I have seen one of my own tribe betray me, in order to liberate himself! I have seen the wife of my bosom take part in the scheme for delivering me over to imprisonment and death, by the means of my best affections! I have spent a whole bright autumn night in a prison! I come forth into the day with bonds upon my hands, and I hear myself condemned, without crime, to the torture of a longer slavery in chains and stone walls!' As he went on, he spoke more and more rapidly, and his eye rolled over the magistrates, as he lashed himself into frenzy by a recapitulation of his sufferings and his wrongs. 'But think not,' he continued furiously, 'think not that bolts, or bars, or walls shall keep me in another night, in the living tomb into which ye have thrust me! No, no, there is always a way for a bold heart to set itself free! Thus, thus I spurn your chains from me!' and by one great effort of skill and strength he slipped his hands out of the handcuffs, which were somewhat too large, and dashed them down into the midst of the hall. 'Constables! constables!' shouted Mr. Arden. 'You call in vain, hard, stone-hearted man,' cried Pharold, shaking his clenched hand at him, 'you call in vain; and bounding to the side of the

hall on which the tall windows had been thrown open, he set one foot upon the secretary's table, and with a single spring reached the high window-sill, catching with his hand the small stone column on which the casements hung. There he paused for one moment; and turning his head, exclaimed, 'William de Vaux, noble William de Vaux, farewell,—for ever, and ever, and ever, farewell.' He let go his hold: he sprang forward, and was lost to the sight. The next moment the dull heavy splash of a large body falling into the water rose up and was carried by the wind through the open windows into the justice-room. \* \* \*

'I can see nothing on the river, gentlemen,' cried the constable, 'but the bubbles and the eddies where he must have gone down.—There's a shoulder, there's a shoulder, I do believe; and his long black hair as I live:—it is gone again; he is down.—I see no more of it.' Lord Dewry started up and rushed out; but it was in vain that every effort was made to find the gipsy living or dead. The constables who had run round the justice-room declared that they had never seen any thing rise. The other who had watched from the window, soon became very doubtful, in regard to the reality of the objects he had seen floating down the stream. An old labourer, who had been working at a distance, stated that he had remarked something fall from the window of the justice-room into the water, but had seen nothing come to land."

There are some exquisite landscapes scattered through the volume, but we must say we prefer Mr. James on historic ground.

*Narrative of a Voyage to Africa and Arabia. Performed by his Majesty's Ships Leven and Barracouta, under the Command of Captain Owen, R.N. 1832—1831. By Captain T. Boteler, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835. Bentley.*

Of this voyage, so interesting to science and so distressing to humanity,—of this dismal voyage of discovery and death,—we gave a very ample review in our *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 357, 58, 60, 64, 66, and 68; all between June 22 and September 7, 1833, when Captain Owen's narrative of it appeared from Mr. Bentley's press. Of that narrative Captain (then Lieutenant) Boteler's journal, being that of a junior officer, of course formed a part, and, indeed, a very considerable part, as we speedily discovered when we came to peruse the present volumes. Still, however, as they contain some new matter, and are a distinct memorial of the services of that gallant officer, it is not strange that his surviving relatives should have wished to preserve them in a substantive shape: and few are the number who can thus enjoy them,—for the fatality which marked the track of the *Leven* and *Barracouta* seems to have followed into the family of Boteler, two of whose brothers have also died since this production was intended for publication.

Under these circumstances, and referring to the *Gazettes* above enumerated, we shall think it sufficient to illustrate this work by a few very brief extracts. An introductory view glances over the past history of the settlements visited by our countrymen, and is very appropriate, and well and concisely written: but we proceed to living traits. At Delagoa Bay a native, called George, together with others, was taken on board, and the author says:—

"The cold, as we approached the Cape, sensibly affected the whole of us: and often, when the evening was unusually chill, we sent for any one of them who had the watch, and gave him a dram: this comforter, from its stimu-

lating quality in opposition to the chilling effects of the cold, soon obtained the designation of 'Kill um cold.' The other two natives, being young, were never so much at their ease with us as George. The honorary titles, as he considered them, which he respectively applied to the officers, were odd enough: the surgeon was Mr. Makkumwell (make him well); and the others, my farder (father), my mudder (mother), my brudder (brother). George was the only one from whom I could ever draw any thing that savoured of religion. After various questions on the subject, which he did not appear to understand, I at last inquired whither he expected to go after death. He hesitated a little, and then, pointing to the heavens, answered, 'Dare!' 'What! you, George?' 'No, no, me stop stink here; dat man dare,' pointing to his shadow in the sun, 'go up, and nebber (never) come back again.' We were all forcibly struck by the idea, and from the beauty of it were almost inclined to doubt whether it was original, or acquired from some one who had attempted to instruct him in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul."

The following is a singular account of a marriage celebration:—

"We witnessed the celebration of a native marriage at Quilimane. The ceremony consisted in placing the bridegroom on some sticks over a well, and applying a large quantity of the water in a profuse shower-bath over his head, while the spectators around sang and danced to the wild notes of the cassanza, accompanying their distortions and violent gestures with the loud clapping of hands. The wedding was numerously attended by the natives, more especially by the young girls. The priestess who officiated was an old creole Portuguese. \* \* \* They wear (Capt. B. adds) but few ornaments, excepting bangles of brass and iron, to which they appear particularly partial, and of which they will sometimes have as many as twenty or thirty on each leg. Earrings are not commonly worn, but when they are, two, and even three, are introduced into each ear. The most remarkable as well as the most disgusting custom observed among the blacks at Quilimane, is that of perforating the upper lip with so large a hole that through it three teeth are in many cases exposed to view. To prevent the aperture from closing, it is generally kept distended by means of broad rings of brass. This fashion, we were informed, was confined to two tribes, the Macquans, who live by the sea-shore between Quilimane and Mozambique, and the Mogaues, who dwell north of Senna."

At Sofala we are told:—"In the vicinity of Sofala there are but two or three small patches, which, by their slight elevation above the surrounding swamp, are capable of being cultivated; consequently supplies of grain for the garrison are chiefly procured from the more remote parts of the interior, either from Portuguese creole estates there, or from the natives. The canoes of the latter, being the cheapest conveyance, are sometimes hired to fetch these supplies; but, should they be lost while thus employed, which they often are, the chief of the tribe to which the people belong prosecutes the hirer of them as the cause of their death; yet, with a strange inconsistency in their popular superstitions, they attribute these catastrophes to the jungo, a fabulous bird, whose extent of wing is from twenty to thirty fathoms, and who resides at the bottom of whirlpools, and, when a boat turns over, is supposed to take the men down to instruct them in surgery. This extraordinary superstition may be deemed

a strong evidence of the insalubrity of the climate even to the natives,—since a man's life is supposed to be forfeited in order that he may be instructed in the means of preserving it."

The warfare of some of the Arab tribes is attended by curious and horrible accompaniments.

"It was held to be a sacred duty by the soldiers forming an Ovah army, when going to war, to pledge themselves by solemn oaths to each other to carry back to their native country the bones of such as should fall. In a late campaign of Raddamah's into a sickly country, a great majority of his army fell victims to the fever; and the task of half cleansing, for they had not time to do it entirely, and carrying the bones of their deceased comrades, fell upon the remaining few. Of these, some died under the weight of the relics of their departed friends, which it was considered infamous and irreligious to abandon; while others sickened from the noxious odour they produced, and gloomily expired under the effects of the pestilence they had created. It was not an uncommon sight to behold a soldier creeping painfully along, under the weight of a load of bones, from which at times decayed morsels of flesh would detach themselves and fall in the path, covered with flies and maggots; while, perhaps, the poor man's back at the same instant exhibited many a line, produced by the putrid stream that exuded from the load."

If an infant has a sudden turn of the eye, or cries much at night, these effects are supposed to be caused by the owl, who is considered to be particularly inimical to children. \* \*

The language of the Soallese and that of the Wanekahs are totally different; the latter is spoken from three to six degrees south latitude. Immediately inland of the Wanekahs reside the Meric Mungoans, who likewise speak a different language. In their country there is much ivory; and the Arabs prefer the iron which they bring for sale to that of Sweden. These people state that in one district, between their country and that of the Wanekahs, there is a pigmy race of people who scarcely attain the height of three feet; they call them Mberikimo, and affirm the fact of their existence with many protestations of veracity. They assert that the journey from Mombas to that country would take six weeks."

We conclude with a fact of curiosity in natural history.

"We often observed that the cats were covered with a short and stiff coat of hair instead of fur. We supposed them to be of a different species from those in England, and never imagined that the change from the ship to the shore would effect so extraordinary an alteration. A cat which we had brought from Algoa Bay, and which had all along retained the same appearance as at first, was landed at Mombas before we quitted it the last time; and on our return, a period of only eight weeks, she was completely altered in appearance, having parted with her sandy-coloured fur, and gained in return a coat of stiff short hair of a pure white."

*Raumer's Original History, &c.*

[Conclusion.]

Pursuing our illustrations of these singularly interesting volumes, the Scottish James now appears upon the scene, and a miserable object he is. Though much in the secret despatches is suppressed, there is yet much left which, in a journal like this, for all classes of readers, we deem it unadvisable to allude further. We can only select a few traits, and leave the most disgusting where they are.

Henry IV. describes his brother-king to his ambassador:—

"He displays such levity and want of thought in all his words and actions, that it is difficult to build upon him. He deals with Rome, Spain, and every power exactly as with me, but, in truth, attaches himself to none; moves in this or that direction on account of this or that expectation suggested to him by some about him, but ascertains neither the foundation nor merits of the subject,—so that, as I foresee, he will let himself be surprised in all things."

Yet it is stated:—

"The people of London appear strangely barbarous and ungrateful to the memory of Elizabeth, in that (after such long standing, almost idolatrous worship) they lighted, on the day of her decease, bonfires in honour of her successor."

Barraut, a French minister in London, says:—

"The jealousy of the English towards the Scotch increases, and is exasperated to such a degree that some flame may well burst forth in consequence. For the latter are hungry, ambitious, and impatient; they wish to profit by the favour of the king, so long as it continues at their disposal, and to fix themselves in the public offices. The English, on the other hand, are the less disposed to endure anything to their detriment, as they are for the most part little edified with the person or mode of dealing of the king, and declare openly enough that they were deceived in the opinion they were led to entertain of him. He takes great pleasure in speaking openly and at table, and to open scholastic disputations on subjects of all descriptions, particularly religious. He also piques himself on great contempt for women: they are obliged to kneel to him on their presentation, he exhorts them openly to virtue, and scoffs with great levity at all men who pay them honour. I know that he has assailed your majesty in a very unbecoming manner on this score, at table before a full attendance. You may, however, easily conceive that the English ladies do not spare him, but hold him in abhorrence, and tear him to pieces with their tongues, each according to her humour."

"I am at heart a Catholic, and have sought, though in vain, to convert my husband." God grant that the too great simplicity of James, and his small experience in dealings with the world, may not bring some disaster on his friends. For I foresee in what danger he is of committing great errors, and by confusion and neglect drawing great calamities upon his government, such as he will hardly be in condition to avoid and contend against. Thus I am convinced that the Scots now hate the English more than ever. James gave the ambassadors of Denmark and Brunswick a banquet, at which he took charge of the honours of his house. The good king drank, namely, before all present, and after the innocence of the earlier ages, to such purpose, that he fell on the table, after having sat at it for five hours.

"October 1604. So long as James lives, he will on no provocation commence a war, but will endeavour to maintain peace, even by bad, foolish, and disgraceful means. He hates war from habit, principle, and disposition, and will (to use his own words) avoid it like his own damnation. For he was born and bred up with a base and weak heart, and imagines (after the manner of princes who devote themselves to religion, the sciences, and sloth) that he can never be forced into a war against his will, by

duty or conscience, or forcible and legitimate reasons. To this is to be added, that he feels himself, by reason of his weakness, neglect, and inexperience, not competent to public affairs, and keeps himself away from them. Thus he now believes that during peace he may be able with less disgrace to throw the weight upon others, and conceal his own errors more easily than in war, and so devote himself in all liberty according to his natural bent, to repose and pleasures. So far the king; but the queen endeavours (in order to lay a better foundation for her designs) hourly to corrupt the spirit and disposition of the Prince Henry of Wales, by flattering his little passions, by diverting him from his lessons and exercises, and (to the vexation of his father) representing the sciences to him as unworthy of a great commander and conqueror. She seeks, moreover, to excite his youthful soul in favour of Spain, by recommending to him a marriage with the Infanta. She has also carried the point with the king, of having the prince in future resident in her court, and said to me with as much impudence as imprudence: 'It is time that I should have possession of the prince and gain his affection, for the king drinks so much, and conducts himself so ill in every respect, that I expect an early and evil result.' I know that she grounds herself in this, not only on the king's bad way of life, but also on this: that, according to her expressions, the men of the house of Lennox have generally, in consequence of excessive drinking, died in their fortieth year, or become quite imbecile. Finally, she has, with an impious and detestable curiosity, consulted astrologers, and believed their predictions. The king in the meantime growing in fact daily more weak and contemptible, the consideration of the queen increases in proportion."

21st August, 1606. "Yesterday the King of Denmark finally took leave of King James. He leaves behind him in this court a great reputation, especially that of a liberal prince. He frequently made sport of the English admiral (Nottingham), an old man with a young wife. On the day of his departure he was holding a watch in his hand, and the queen and that admiral approached and asked him what time it was. King Christian, upon this question, made the sign of horns several times with two fingers, to shew that it was two o'clock, but laughed at the same time with the queen in such manner that the admiral felt himself singularly offended. On his return home, he commanded his wife to indite a letter to St. Clair, a confidential servant of the king (of Denmark), in which she told him he was but a petty king, and she as virtuous a woman as either his mother, or his wife, or his sister, and that the child with which she was pregnant (King Christian and the queen had said something respecting it) belonged to her husband, so as none of those the queen had borne belonged to the king. St. Clair shewed this letter to his master, who was fain to return then and there on the instant to revenge himself on the admiral. His counsellors, however, restraining him from this, he sent the letter to the queen, and begged, with her husband, to procure him satisfaction. The queen sent immediately for the poor lady, uttered to her a thousand coarse expressions, treated her like a bastard (she is grand-daughter to a bastard in Scotland), drove her from court, and struck her off the list of her establishment." \* \* \* 1604. Since my last report, the Spanish ambassador has had an audience of the king. So soon as the latter saw him, he said, before the other could begin to speak, 'You have reason to write to your

master, that I am a traitor, a wicked man without truth or faith, on account of the affairs of the Catholics, the Baron Nort, and the assistance extended to the Palatine. But I assure you that not I, but the traitors who surround me, have done all this without my knowledge. The first is the work of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that wicked Puritan, the second of the Marquis of Buckingham, whom I point out to you as a traitor, against whom you should be on your guard. Being young and unpractised in affairs, he took money for the delivery of a passport to the baron, but he is greatly concerned therefore, and if you would do me a pleasure you would comfort him on the subject. At this moment he called Buckingham in, and said to him — 'George, why have you, without my privy, given a passport for money?' 'Because,' said Buckingham, 'you give me nothing.' Upon these words the king seized him by the head, kissed him twice, and said, 'Now you may go.' \* \* \* In order to confer an honour on the house of the Duke of Buckingham, the king determined with premeditation to drink to excess at a banquet there. When he was a good way advanced, and full of sweet wine, he took the Prince of Wales by the hand, led him to the lords and ladies, and said—there was a great contention between the prince and himself as to which of the two best loved the Marchioness of Buckingham. After having recounted all sorts of reasons for and against, he drew some verses from his pocket, which his poet Jonson had made in praise of the marchioness, then read some others of his own invention, and swore he would stick them on all the doors of his house to shew his good-will. . . . Had I not received this account from trustworthy persons, I should have considered it impossible; but this king is as good for nothing as possible, suffers himself to be walked in leading-strings like a child, is lost in pleasures, and buried for the greater part of his time in wine. \* \* \* 1622. The vices of the king weaken his intellect, as appears from the letters which he has written to the parliament, and in which the want of order, connexion, and judgment, is apparent. For where he wishes to assume the language of a king, his tone is that of a tyrant (*il taille du tyran*), and where he condescends, he is vulgar. He has no other view than that of depriving the parliament of its rights, and thinks he has reached his end when he has scolded it (*gourmandé le*), without reflecting that things of this kind are not to be effected by violence, but much rather, or only, by a prudent line of conduct. This design was put into his head already during the lifetime of the treasurer, Cecil, who, on account of his mal-administration, was afraid of such an overseer as the parliament, and always set the king against it. Buckingham has continued in the same course, perhaps on similar grounds, but has not yet reached his object; for the parliament has adopted a bold resolution which much displeases the king, although some think that this is rather the last exertion of a moribund old age than of a vigorous youth. However this may be, the parliament is adjourned till February 18, and there is a firm determination to dissolve it, although it be not known when and how. The affair may, in truth, be dangerous, unless conducted with prudence, a quality totally wanting in the conduct of affairs here, inasmuch as the king and Buckingham insist upon doing every thing, but do nothing. The former, forsooth, inasmuch as he sinks so low in his nullity, that sloth now appears to him the highest and only enjoyment; the latter,

out of want of understanding, and because he aims not at the honour of his master, but at the furtherance of his own interests. This has already been the consequence, that he has advised the king to remain at Newmarket, where he leads a life to which past nor present times present no parallel. Buckingham follows wildly the plan of dissolving the parliament, which must bring on his destruction. This, it is true, is delayed by the spirit of cowardice which a long peace has brought upon this country; but we cannot but believe, that in some way or other, this spirit will come to an end, and then be converted into fury. I entertain this view in common with many intelligent men, so that this state, which has so long beheld with joy our misery and that of Christendom, will be in similar condition unless more compassion be shewn towards her. I am induced to judge in this fashion, more than by any thing else, by James's plan for the diminution of the power of the parliament, which is intended for the purpose of maintaining the equilibrium between the prerogatives of the king and the liberties of the people. So long, therefore, as this power of the parliament maintained itself erect, without bending to the one side or the other, the state continued to flourish; it is, however, to be feared, that if it once sink, all will crumble into ruin together."

Here we find the foundations laid of those misfortunes which overtook Charles I. His fate was sealed during the reign of his father, and by those worthless statesmen who built up—heaven save the mark!—the ancestral honours and wealth of noble and illustrious houses. "If (says the reporter) out of all this greater dissatisfaction among the great, revolt of the people, and bloody war do not arise, the reason does not lie in the lightness of the evil, but in that this people is either more moderate, or less sensible to injury, or more timid, than others. Beyond doubt, however, the imposthume must break, and that soon, as stimulants are constantly applied."

After all, an honest man is the noblest work of God. The conduct of the king, when thwarted by his parliament, is almost too pitiable for laughter.

"Sometimes he swore and denied his Maker (*reniant Dieu*); then he laid his length upon the ground and declared he wished to die; also that he saw well that the parliament would be his death; then he wept, and finally determined to go down himself to the Upper House. From all this you may see that Buckingham makes the king play all manner of parts, except only that of a king, and that he seeks to derive for himself as much advantage as the other derives infamy from the circumstances."

"The government of the whole state appears to have no other end than the elevation of Buckingham, his friends and relations. Whoever is aware of this, and judges England by other nations, will look for commotions as the result of this: that result, however, will be postponed for reasons both universal and particular."

"In the beginning, Buckingham shewed moderation enough, for he feared lest the queen, Anne, should effect his downfall, as she did that of Somerset. After her death he was still afraid of the Prince of Wales; but since he has become secure of him also, by the means of procuring him gratifications of all kinds, his own disposition displays itself in a reckless manner, and he exhibits debauchery, effrontery, irreligion, and rapacity, in the highest degree."

Charles, who was ordained to reap the bitter

fruits of this long reign of cowardly peace and courtly depravity, ascended the throne on the death of the old and sinful king. The "imposthume," so long irritated, broke, and the evil humours overran and desolated the land. See how they began in 1640.

"Disturbances occur, also, almost daily in the provinces (generally on account of the soldiers); the men of Essex, Kent, and other places, refuse the sea service; the militia of Oxford will serve neither by land or water; the soldiers in Somersetshire have ill-treated their colonel, Lanesford; those raised in Dorsetshire have thought fit to kill and hang up by the legs their lieutenant, Moore, who treated them with some severity; in Suffolk certain soldiers have worn their shirts over their other clothes, and thus represented and ridiculed the Archbishop of Canterbury and the higher ecclesiastical court of law."

But the tale of the civil wars need not be retold; and we pass to the close."

"The boasted improvement of the state is nothing but a revolution, and the army practises in one day more tyranny than would have been possible for the king during his whole life and in his highest pitch of authority. More taxes also and imposts have been levied in one month than were raised by him in several years, even including those which formed the pretext for insurrection."

We add an opinion of Cromwell a little earlier.

"The whole controversy between Cromwell and Ireton consists in that the latter wishes to begin with the king; the former with the lords and other persons of note. Were these two men, upon whom the whole army is dependent, really at variance, they would still be greatly to be dreaded; as it is, the whole is a device of Cromwell, who has always been accustomed to create an appearance of dissension where none really existed."

"November 24, 1653. According to a resolution of parliament, the oath is abolished which was prescribed at the establishment of the republic, and which conveyed an express abolition of the monarchy. Many wish for its restoration; few cumber themselves as into whose hands it may fall. The army alone would be in a condition to oppose it; the majority of the officers, however, who have enriched themselves, and are in possession of great wealth, appear to prefer a stable government which would secure their gains, to the revolutions which seem to be inevitable under the present forms."

"The gentry, the judges, and numberless persons, wish for the restoration of the monarchy, in reverse of which Lambert, Ireton, and Cromwell's two sons, contemplate succeeding him in the sovereignty. Oct. 12, Nov. 9, and Dec. 4. The latter, according to the judgment of many persons, are not capable of undertaking such a burthen. The eldest son of

\* Here is an intermediate anecdote of 1645, not very complimentary to the Scots character. Brienne tells the French ambassador in Edinburgh, "We must flatter and gain over the Scotch, whether for the purpose of serving the King of England, or using them against him, if he were to regain too much power, and should become able to annoy us; or to set them in motion against the parliament, if the latter should establish a republic. Endeavour to gain over the chancellor of Scotland himself with money. He will, on two grounds, not be offended thereby: first, because he is a Scotchman, which is as much as to say he is self-interested; secondly, because the money comes from France, from which country they have a prescriptive usage of deriving benefits." At this time, it is stated, "All Scotland is puritanical; by consequence, therefore, rebellious and hostile to the name and dignity of a king. The bishops are dependent upon him who appoints them, but the preachers upon the people; the first are for the king and obedience, the latter for the people and confusion."

Cromwell has devoted himself more to wine and the chase than to business; the younger is more diligent, but little respected, and still less loved."

Well, the Restoration took place; and six years after the Comte de Comminges' (1666) draws us a picture of England, with which we conclude this long review.

"The soil and ground give the inhabitants of England a sufficiency of the necessities of life; and they, therefore, have recourse to other countries only for superfluities, which they obtain in exchange for their cloths, the finest in Europe; for it is worthy of remark that they never suffer money to go out of their country in the course of trade. They possess an utterly incredible number of great and small cattle, a true golden fleece, since it costs little to maintain them and almost nothing to tend, they being left for the most part to stray by themselves over the pastures. I once asked my host in Salisbury (in the neighbourhood of which the best cloths are prepared) whether the herdsmen observed any measure or system in the feeding of their herds, and he replied,—the most skillful observe but one rule, namely, they never allow the sheep to swill, but the dew on the meads and pastures suffices to quench their thirst; and this, according to the observation of many, is the real reason that the wool is finer, thicker, and longer."

There is abundance of birds and fish; and nowhere are better oysters found. The physicians recommend these to their patients, but cause them to drink afterwards, to correct the indigestibility, from two to four good draughts of the best and strongest Spanish wine. With respect to dress, the court always follows the French; in order, however, not to appear as mere imitators and devoid of invention, many of the younger add something of their own, which usually only increases the expense and exaggerates the fashion. If we, for example, wear thirty loops (*galans*) to our hose, they put on sixty, and thus in every thing. If we speak of the English in the mass, we must call them brave, proud, overbearing, suspicious, and so vain that I believe them to be a match in this for the Spaniards. Their demeanour is insupportable to any man of spirit, and one must be very modest and tractable, in order to keep on even moderate terms with such as seem to be of the most respectable class (*les plus honnêtes gens*.) The lower people are by nature inclined to theft; and if the severity of the laws were not brought in opposition, nothing would be in security. Excesses in taverns and brothels pass among people of note merely for gallantries, and even women of good condition do not refuse a gallant to accompany him to drink Spanish wine. A great proportion of their lords appear to be richer than they are. Some were ruined in the last war, and retained nothing more than their title, of which they are very vain. Others, following an absurd custom, leave the management of their affairs to their stewards, who soon so establish themselves in their authority that the master learns nothing, and by degrees (as is seen in the most distinguished families) becomes a servant of his servant's son. The middle gentry (called the cavaliers) possess the ground and soil of nearly the whole kingdom, inasmuch as they and their fathers have generally been farmers to the lords, make little expense, never go to court, or leave their counties. The young women do not lose their rank if they marry a man of humble station, whence one often meets with instances of strange and ill-assorted marriages. Notwithstanding this mixture of good and evil, it may

be mentioned, that this people is formidable at sea, and would, if to its strength were joined more truth and faith, and less covetousness, attract to itself the greatest part of the collective trade of the world. I must add still a word upon the amusements of the inhabitants of this great town of London. Sundays and festivals excepted, there are every day theatrical representations in two houses, which are to be called sumptuous in respect of the beauty of the stage, the convenience of the boxes and the pit, the machinery, music, and safety of the spectators. The players endeavour to imitate nature, and the poets do not submit themselves so painfully as we to the rules laid down by the learned. They think nothing of causing a king to be born in the first act, who fights a battle in the second, marries in the third, is made away with in the fourth, and is crowned a tyrant in the fifth.\* I have seen represented the entire life of Henry VIII. which is distinguished by so many marriages, misfortunes, and crimes. Cardinal Wolsey appears with his hat; Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, with his vestment and coif, and I believe even with the pallium. Boxing, partaking of something barbarous, is in common use; and enormous sums are staked at the cock-fights. Young people of the best family pass entire days in this occupation; and the lords are not ashamed to mingle in this pursuit with the lowest and most infamous rabble. The King of England named to me one who had in this manner lost a property of 10,000 jacobuses' annual income. Thrice in the week there are fights, at a small price of admission, between dogs and bears, or bulls; and the public places are full of mountebanks and puppet-showers. In addition to all these places of entertainment may be counted upwards of 200 houses, where the idle and dissolute assemble to take tobacco, brandy, tea, coffee, and chocolate. It is there that, with the pipe in their mouth, among glasses and bottles, they discuss the news, treat of politics, make portraits of all princes, and bring their ministers to trial; all with so much ignorance and so little justice, that nothing but passion and interest governs their decisions; and these impudent and scandalous meetings are closed in drunkenness and low debauchery."

*A Journal of the Heart. Vol. II.* Edited by Lady Charlotte Bury. 12mo. London, 1835. Cochrane and Co.

FROM this pleasing work we shall be content, previous to its public appearance, to select a single page as a specimen of its interesting character:—

"Lodi is a very pretty town: that is poor praise for any thing in Italy; but it is rendered famous now by Buonaparte's victory. While looking at the bridge over the Adda, where he is said to have performed such prodigies of personal valour, an old man, who chanced to be passing, and seeing me to be a stranger, gave a very different account of Buonaparte's conduct from that which is generally recorded. The old man said that he was himself present on the spot during the whole of the battle, and had a brother killed in the action. Buonaparte, he added, stood within the gates of the town in a place of safety, and on either side of him were two ladies, who wore very high feathers: they never left him from the commencement of the battle to the end of it, which lasted from one o'clock till six

in the afternoon. My informer laid great stress on the two ladies with their high feathers; but, as a salvo to his conscience, he added, 'I suppose one of them was his wife.' We conversed some time together; and, upon my apologising for speaking very bad Italian, he replied, that English persons were in all respects more learned and more worthy than the generality of his own countrymen. 'It was not always thus,' he went on to say; and with the fire and eloquence of his nation and language, he lamented the degradation of Italy in terms not unworthy of Felicaja himself. This man was the barber of a neighbouring convent."

We cannot at present enter upon the tales, but only state that they are of moderate lengths, and extremely various in their subjects.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Key to the Symbolical Language of Scripture, in which numerous Passages are explained, &c. founded on the Symbolical Dictionary of Daubuz, &c. by T. Wemyss, Author of "Biblical Gleanings," &c. 12mo. pp. 512. (Edinburgh, Clarke; London, Hamilton and Adams.)*—Such works as Daubuz's "Symbolical Dictionary," are among those upon which industry may properly be employed to condense their important parts, and give their essence in cheap and convenient forms. Such has been Mr. Wemyss' task, and he has executed it faithfully. With the aid, also, of Vitringe, Ewaldus, &c. he has produced a very interesting explanation of many of the scriptural symbols, alphabetically arranged; and when we say that his volume illustrates the sacred writings in a way to render them more intelligible and acceptable, we have said enough to recommend it to the Christian reader. If we add that the illustrations comprehend much curious intelligence, and the parallel passages lead to our acquaintance with the master minds of literary antiquity, we have said that which will recommend it to readers of every class.

*Law made Easy*, by G. Goddard. Pp. 39. (Bristol.)—A short catechism explanatory of some law terms; but as for making law easy, we defy all the writers of Bristol or of the world. *Law made Easy!* O, for the man who could accomplish that immortal benevolence! what benefactor of his kind could ever compare with him? Law, the very name is synonymous with uneasiness, oppression, and distress. The catechism may teach its forms and names; and to those who desire to know the broad distinctions this little book may be of use, though hardly worth separate publication.

*Sketches and Recollections*, by John Poole, Esq. Author of "Paul Pry," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. (London, published for Henry Colburn, by R. Bentley.)—We have only had time to glance over these entertaining volumes; but, as their contents are mostly familiar to us through the pages of the New Monthly Magazine, in which they have from time to time appeared, we need only say that the public will find Poole's collected Essays both highly amusing and interesting.

*Questions and Exercises adapted to Hiley's English Grammar*, &c. by R. Hiley. Pp. 220. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Leeds, Spinks.)—We spoke favourably, as it deserved, of this English Grammar, and we must offer the same praise to these Exercises; which, by the by, need it little, as they bear the words "second edition" on their title-page. The Rules for English Composition, with which they conclude, are sound and useful.

*A Guide to the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain of Christ's Hospital, Chelsea. Pp. 164. (London, Rivingtons.)—An excellent little guide, in which the doctrines and sentiments of our old divines are enforced with clearness and zeal by their able successor in the church.

*Smith's Veterinary Tables*, Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—On the face of a large sheet of paper, in a case, we have all the diseases, symptoms, and cures, &c., where horses, dogs, and cattle, are concerned. The arrangement is ingenious; and, we dare say, there is much useful information on the subject.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEÆAN SOCIETY.

THE Duke of Somerset in the chair.—The president nominated Dr. Horsfield a vice-president of the Society, in the room of Dr. Maton, deceased. A collection of dried specimens of plants from North America were presented by the Earl of Derby: they were collected in Louisiana and Texas by that indefatigable collector, Mr. Drummond. Among them are many new species. The twelfth part of Mr. Gould's splendid work on the Birds of Europe, and the first part of his monograph of the family of Trogons, were laid on the table. The plate of the *Trogon Resplendens*, in the

latter work, surpasses any thing of the kind we have ever seen, as regards the execution and colouring. The paper read was "Observations on the species *Fedia*," by Joseph Woods, Esq. F.L.S. This genus has been separated from the *Valeriana* of Linn.; and many of them were included in his *Valeriana Locusta*. The author describes, in this monograph, twenty-one species, all natives of Europe. Several fellows were admitted.

##### STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At the ordinary meeting on Monday, Lieut. Colonel Sykes, vice-president, in the chair—several fellows were elected and candidates proposed. Numerous valuable donations of books, &c.—among them a set of the "Reports of the Commissioners for inquiring concerning Public Charities," forming thirty-one folio volumes, presented by Mr. Drinkwater, were lying on the table. The following papers were read:—1st. An appendix by Col. Sykes to his interesting paper on the increase of wealth and expenditure in the various classes of society, as indicated by official returns, read at the ordinary meeting, in February, and of which an analysis was given, it will be remembered, in No. 944 of the *Literary Gazette*. It is satisfactory to find, by this appendix, that the facts stated by the talented writer in his first paper, are both confirmed and extended by returns since received of the exports and imports of the custom-duties, and of the vessels employed in the foreign and coasting trade of the United Kingdom for the year ending 5th January, 1835, as compared with that ending 5th January, 1834. The increase in the twelvemonth, ending 5th January, 1835, of British vessels employed in foreign commerce and in the coasting trade was respectively 689 ships, burthen 108,562 tons, value 1,411,356*l.*; and 5574 ships, burthen 474,379 tons, value 3,795,032*l.* The net increase of custom-duties in the same period, was 2,354,130*l.*, which arose chiefly, it would seem, from the transfer of tea from the excise to this branch of the revenue. The writer then gives an estimate, founded on the above returns, of the whole amount of capital embarked in the mercantile shipping of the United Kingdom, on the 5th January of the present year, from which it appears that, in regard to vessels employed in the foreign trade, the capital embarked is upwards of twenty-seven millions; and, in regard to those employed in the coasting trade, that it is nearly seventy-nine millions, although it is observed that this latter calculation is comparatively of but little value, owing to the probability of many of the same vessels having entered the ports more than once in the year. Various other particulars are given by the writer in this communication, which forms a very valuable addition to his former memoirs. 2d. A paper on the judicial administration of the Venetian States, by Mr. Drinkwater. This paper formed a continuation to his former valuable selections from Quadri's elaborate statistical work, notices of which have already appeared from time to time in the scientific reports of this and other journals. The present chapter gives a concise and summary view of the nature, description, and number of the different Lombardo-Venetian tribunals, the number of individuals holding offices connected with them, and the annual cost of their maintenance. The provincial notarial-record offices are also described, and an analysis given of the different kinds of codes in which is contained the legislation regulating the various judicial tribunals. It further appears that the number of civil

\* \* This order of the words stands in the German text, and is, perhaps, an attempt at witicism in the writer.—[Tr.]

causes annually tried before the courts of first resort and the different prefectures (sort of mixed courts) is respectively 24,000 and 48,000, making a total of 72,000 civil causes; about one moiety of which are disposed of by removal, compromise, or abandonment of the claim. Lastly; The total number of criminals brought to justice in 1823 (exclusive of the minor offenders already considered under the head of police), was 3005, being a decrease of considerably more than one-half from the number in 1817, which was 6780; although in regard to 1817 it should not be forgotten that in that year the Venetian dominions were barely recovering from the combined disastrous effects of a recent and severe war, a famine and a pestilence, while the increased activity since displayed by the preventive police must also be taken into the account.

## AFRICAN TRAVELS.

WE have before us the prospectus of a public subscription, to be applied to an expedition through Africa, from the south; the object of which is to explore the unknown parts of Southern and Central Africa, extending between Lattakoo (Litakun) and the (so called) Mountains of the Moon: including in its intended route some of the confluences, if not the actual source and course of the Congo or Zaire. The patrons are the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Munster, Lord Bexley, Sir Alexander Johnston, Dr. O. Gregory, Dr. Birkbeck, &c. This expedition, it is proposed, shall proceed from the Cape of Good Hope in the south, and attempt to egress, by way of the great lake Tchad, at some part on the shores of the Mediterranean in the north; and it has originated with a view to promote, by its results, the interests of science, commerce, and philanthropy. Of the vast interior of this continent, southerly and centrally regarded (says the paper before us), exclusive of large tracts whose nomenclature is doubtful, there remains totally unexplored about thirty-five degrees of latitude, and from twenty to forty degrees of longitude, comprising, at the lowest computation, a region of from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 square miles: a portion of the globe, of which, as it has been observed, we continue as profoundly ignorant as if Africa were in another planet. If an undertaking, therefore, had for its sole object to establish the geography of this almost new world, it would lay a just claim to importance, and command the support of an enlightened people.

In addition to this continent being found to contain tracts rich in mineral productions,—its magnificent, though little known, Flora,—its stupendous and extraordinary geological character—the exuberance of the vegetable kingdom characterising those parts not actually desert, and the profusion of animal life distinguishing the more temperate climes—induce us (it is added), so far as discovery has yet extended, to conclude, that, perhaps, in no other quarter of the world would the progress of the traveller more abound with opportunities for acquiring new facts, as well as for advantageously prosecuting those philosophical observations, for which expeditions have, by various governments, been expensively fitted out to America, and other parts of the globe.

Although this expedition is not of a trading character, yet, in a commercial point of view, it can assume no questionable importance in proposing to ascertain the products and resources of so large an extent of unknown country, and the practicability of effecting an intercourse with some portion of so large a

tract, which has hitherto been a void in the statistics of the world.

By the Christian philanthropist such an expedition can scarcely fail to be regarded as possessing peculiar importance. For, to obtain a knowledge of millions of the human race, inhabiting a country which, we have every reason to believe, has never been trodden by civilised man, can be no mean event. Nor will the party, while prosecuting the general purposes of the enterprise, be inattentive to great prospective results. It will be a primary object of investigation, to ascertain the local genius of the aboriginal character and language, and the suitability of locations, which, as connecting points in the line of discovery, may not only greatly facilitate future efforts in extending our acquaintance with the surrounding interior, and in effecting an intercourse with the nations by whom it is peopled, but which may ultimately serve as centres, wherefrom may be diffused a knowledge of Christianity, and the arts of civilised life.

The conduct of the expedition will devolve upon its projector; who, having long contemplated the enterprise, and having already visited the South African shores, has possessed ample opportunities of collating information, and estimating the resources at the point from which it is intended to proceed. He will be associated with a few efficient colleagues in the different departments of science; and thus be enabled more effectively to prosecute the general purposes of the expedition, by becoming himself chiefly the pioneer of discovery.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 11th. — The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. H. J. B. Nicholson, Magdalen Hall.

*Bachelor in Medicine, with License to Practice*.—R. C. Alexander, Wadham College.

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. F. Wickham, Fellow of New Col.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. S. Clarke, Magdalen Hall; E. Hill, Fellow of New College.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON St. George's Day the Society held their Anniversary Meeting for the election of president and officers: Mr. Amyot in the chair. At the close of the ballot the Earl of Aberdeen was declared president; Mr. Amyot, treasurer; Mr. Gage, director; and Mr. Carlisle and Sir Henry Ellis, secretaries; and Mr. Barnwell, the Bishop of Chichester, Mr. Collier, Mr. Hardwick, Mr. Kempe, Mr. Ottley, Lord Prudhoe, Mr. Stapleton, Sir B. C. Stephenson, and Mr. Wilkins, were chosen new members of the council, in the room of Mr. Beltz, Mr. Bruce, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir A. Dickson, Mr. Hunter, Sir F. Madden, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Rickman, Mr. Rudge, and Sir T. Hillgrove Turner. The members afterwards dined at the Freemason's Tavern, where they mastered strongly, and the evening passed in considerable conviviality.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY .... Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8 P.M.  
J. Wallis, Esq. on Astronomy.  
Geographical, 9 P.M.  
College of Physicians, 9 P.M.  
Medical, 8 P.M.  
Zoological, 8½ P.M.  
Scientific Business.  
TUESDAY .... Med. and Chirurgial, 8½ P.M.  
Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

WEDNESDAY { Geological, 8½ P.M.  
Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.  
Zoological — Anniversary, 1 P.M.  
THURSDAY... { Royal Society, 8½ P.M.  
Royal Society of Literature — Anniversary, 3 P.M.  
Antiquaries, 8 P.M.  
FRIDAY ..... { Royal Institution — Anniversary, 8½ P.M.  
Horticultural — Anniversary, 1 P.M.  
SATURDAY..... Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. AFTER thirty years of uninterrupted and splendid progress, we have just had a glance at the thirty-first exhibition of this peculiarly British school of art; and it rejoices our spirit to be able to say once more, that high as it has hitherto stood, there is this year still an advance in talent and genius. The chief features that strike us as contributing to this, are an increased power of colouring, leaving nothing in oil painting to be desired;—a more numerous portion of interesting and various subjects in comparison with landscapes, though there is no decline in the beauties of the latter; and in general a tone of greater freedom and force than we have ever before witnessed. Among the contributors to these happy results, whose efforts caught our eye even on the slightest inspection, we can only briefly mention Cattermole, whose "Abbot" is a wonderfully rich production, felicitously imagined and expressed in every part. Spanish "Posada," and other Spanish pieces, by Lewis, are very finely treated. Prout has several of his usual excellent Italian performances, and Harding, one of surpassing excellence of the same kind; Cox's "Ulverstone Sands" carries the art as far as it can go in that style. Evans's "Study" vies with Cattermole's "Abbot" and "Bridal Dressing;" Taylor (and in conjunction with Barrett) has risen in many natural scenes of landscape, figures, and cattle, to the high eminence we predicted for him; Hunt furnishes his glowing quota of Peasant Children, &c., and Miss Sharpe her living groups. Copley Fielding and De Wint have some of the sweetest of landscapes. Turner of Oxford, F. Mackenzie, Nash, Gastineau, Hills, Bentley, Varley, &c. &c. are all admirable contributors to the rich whole of this Gallery. One piece of "Water Lilies," and another of a "Snow-storm," amused us, independently of their merits; but we must conclude. The public have a delicious treat before them.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It has for years been our custom to print lists similar to the following, not only as a public tribute due to the patrons and encouragers of our Native School of Art, but as the French say—"Pour encourager les autres." The Exhibition closes this evening.

## Pictures sold in 1835.

Subjects.	Artists.	Purchasers.
A View near Hailsham, Sussex.	Copley Fielding.	Rev. W. Long.
Nieuport, Flanders.	A. Vickers.	Ditto.
Dutch Peasants and Fishing-boats.	A. W. Callcott, R.A.	Mr. Vernon, or Lt. Farnborough.
Interior of a Stable.	A. Cooper, R.A.	W. Wells, Esq.
Stock.	T. Sidney Cooper.	Sir A. Hume, Bart.
The Last Embrace.	T. Uwins, A.R.A.	W. Wells, Esq.
Scene in Braemar, Scotland.	J. Giles.	Earl of Aberdeen.
An Effect of Light.	A. Fraser.	
Salvator Rosa and his Patron.	D. M. Clise.	Earl of Chesterfield.
The Retriever.	E. Landseer, R.A.	General Fhipps.

<i>Je vous rends mon</i>	Corbillion . . . . .	A. Chalon, R.A.	
<i>Interior of Great</i>	Tower, Utrecht	G. Jones, R.A.	
<i>The Benighted Tra-</i>	veller . . . . .	A.W. Calcott, R.A.	R. Vernon, Esq.
<i>Fruit</i> . . . . .	G. Lance . . . . .		
<i>View of Hastings</i>	T. Creswick . . . . .		
<i>Fish</i> . . . . .	F. R. Lee, A.R.A.		
<i>The Orphan</i> . . . . .	T. Webster . . . . .	Lord A. Fitzcla-	
<i>Late at School</i> . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .	rence . . . . .	
<i>Reading the Scrip-</i>	tures . . . . .	R. Vernon, Esq.	
<i>The Burning of the</i>	<i>House of</i>	Chas. Fox, Esq.	
<i>Lords</i> . . . . .	J. M. W. Turner,	C. Hall, Esq.	
<i>The Sleeping Blood-</i>	<i>hound</i> . . . . .		
<i>South Sea Common</i>	A. Vickers . . . . .	— Bell, Esq.	
<i>Going to School</i> . . . . .	R. Farrier . . . . .	Sir W. Herries, Bt.	
<i>View of Twioli</i> . . . . .	W. Cowen . . . . .	H. T. Ryall, Esq.	
<i>The Lute Player</i> . . . . .	W. Etty, R.A.		
<i>Hope feeding Love</i>	W. Salter . . . . .		
<i>Emigrants going</i>	<i>off to an Am-</i>		
<i>erican Ship</i> . . . . .	G. Chambers . . . . .		
<i>Italian Peasants</i>	<i>playing before</i>		
<i>the Madonna</i> . . . . .	C. R. Bone . . . . .	J. Neeld, Esq.	
<i>Yalding</i> . . . . .	A. W. Calcott, J. Sheepshanks,		
<i>Simple</i> . . . . .	R.A. . . . .	Esq.	
<i>Burial of Sir John</i>	<i>Moore</i> . . . . .	G. Jones, R.A.	General Anderson.
<i>Relieve the Father-</i>	<i>less, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	A. W. Calcott, R.A.	
<i>The Greek Lesson</i>	F. Cronau . . . . .		
<i>The Wanderer in</i>	<i>the Holy Land</i>	T. Uwins, A.R.A.	
<i>St. Edward's Chap-</i>	<i>el, Westminster</i>		
<i>Abbey</i> . . . . .	James Holland . . . . .	J. Delafield, Esq.	
<i>The Rocking-horse</i>	D. McClise . . . . .		
<i>Pae de d'auz</i> . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .		
<i>Part of St. Mary's</i>	<i>Chapel, Warwick</i>	James Holland . . . . .	R. Hallier, Esq.
<i>Remains of the Pa-</i>	<i>lace of Philip la</i>		
<i>Bel, Paris</i> . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .	E. Magrath, Esq.	
<i>The Barber of Se-</i>	<i>ville</i> . . . . .		
<i>The China Ship</i>	Edinburgh . . . . .	F. P. Stephanoff . . . . .	R. Vernon, Esq.
<i>View in Merioneth-</i>	<i>shire</i> . . . . .	W. J. Huggins . . . . .	
<i>On the Conway</i>	<i>near Llanrwst</i>	Ditto . . . . .	
<i>Milking Time</i> . . . . .	T. S. Cooper . . . . .	Chas. Maud, Esq.	
<i>Lady at Window</i>	J. G. Middleton . . . . .	Sir E. Cust . . . . .	
<i>Punch at Naples</i>	T. Uwins, A.R.A.	A. Watts, Esq.	
<i>An Italian Girl</i>	<i>Dressed for the</i>		
<i>Fête</i> . . . . .	A. W. Calcott, R.A.		
<i>Study from Nature</i>	F. R. Lee, A.R.A.	Lord Ducie . . . . .	
<i>The River Dart</i> . . . . .	F. R. Lee, A.R.A.	J. Dawkins, Esq.	
<i>Italian Peasant</i>	Girls . . . . .	P. Williams . . . . .	Lord W. Russell.
<i>On the Road near</i>	<i>Winchester</i> . . . . .	A. Vickers . . . . .	
<i>Scene near Terra-</i>	<i>cina</i> . . . . .	P. Williams . . . . .	Lord W. Russell.
<i>Italian Peasant</i>	Girls . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .	
<i>Grey Horses, with</i>	<i>Poultry</i> . . . . .	T. Woodward . . . . .	W. Beckford, Esq.
<i>Consecration</i> . . . . .	R. T. Bone . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .	
<i>Hurston House</i>	Cattle . . . . .	C. Fielding . . . . .	Ditto.
<i>The appointed</i>	<i>Hour</i> . . . . .	J. R. Herbert . . . . .	C. Heath, Esq.
<i>Forting a Brook</i> . . . . .	T. S. Cooper . . . . .	Hon. W. Dun-	combe.
<i>Cupid and Calypso</i>	J. Wood . . . . .	S. Cartwright, Esq.	
<i>The Schoolboy</i> . . . . .	J. Partridge . . . . .	Farrer, Esq.	
<i>Childhood, a Study</i>	Ditto . . . . .	Captain Gipsy . . . . .	
<i>Rouen, Morning</i> . . . . .	C. R. Stanley . . . . .		
<i>View near Kiplin,</i>	<i>Yorkshire</i> . . . . .	S. Bendixen . . . . .	Earl of Tyrconnel.
<i>Window Fire</i> . . . . .	John Linnell . . . . .	A. W. Calcott, Esq.	
<i>The Hop Garland</i>	J. F. Witherington . . . . .	Colls, jun., Esq.	
<i>Scene on the Coast</i>	of Normandy . . . . .	E. Cooke . . . . .	Messrs. Hodgson
<i>View at North-</i>	<i>fleet</i> . . . . .	A. Vickers . . . . .	Messrs. Hodgson
<i>Dudley, a Study</i> . . . . .	J. Partridge . . . . .		and Co.
<i>River Scene</i> . . . . .	E. Childie . . . . .	G. Walker, Esq.	
<i>Trouville Fishing</i>	<i>Smack entering</i>		
<i>the Port of Havre</i>	E. Cooke . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .	
<i>The Toilette</i> . . . . .	R. F. Lonsdale . . . . .		
<i>Past-luck</i> . . . . .	C. Hancock . . . . .	Messrs. Hodgson	and Co.
<i>Amateurs on a</i>	<i>Pilgrimage</i> . . . . .	G. R. Lewis . . . . .	
<i>Dangerous Situa-</i>	<i>tion of the Al-</i>		
<i>battross Yacht</i> . . . . .	R. B. Beechey . . . . .		
<i>The Albatross</i>	<i>hauling up off</i>		
<i>St. John's Head</i>	Ditto . . . . .		

<i>The Residence</i>	of Sir George	Warrender . . . . .	F. R. Lee, A.R.A.	Sir George War-
<i>Pamela surprised</i>	<i>by Mr. B.</i> . . . .	C. Landseer . . . . .		render, Bart.
<i>The Bass Rock</i>	<i>from Tynecomb</i>			Marquis of Lans-
<i>Sands</i> . . . . .	On the Thamer,		F. R. Lee, A.R.A.	downe.
<i>near Barnes</i> . . . . .	E. Cooke . . . . .		J. G. Bridge, Esq.	
<i>A Falconer</i> . . . . .	H. Wyatt . . . . .	John Hewett, Esq.		
<i>Oranges</i> . . . . .	A.J. Oliver, A.R.A.	H. Pocock, Esq.		
<i>The Captive</i> . . . . .	S. Bendixen . . . . .	Mrs. Pearse . . . . .		
<i>An Avenue, India</i>	Lymington . . . . .	T. Creswick . . . . .		
<i>Margaret</i> . . . . .	J. R. Herbert . . . . .	Lord Northwick . . . . .		
<i>Beppo's Return</i> . . . . .	H. Andrews . . . . .	C. S. Ricketts, Esq.		
<i>Snipes</i> . . . . .	S. Taylor . . . . .	Sir W. Parker . . . . .		
<i>The Head of a</i>	<i>Monk of La</i>			
<i>Trappe</i> . . . . .	E. Ripplingille . . . . .	W. Wells, Esq.		
<i>Entrance to a Rus-</i>	<i>sian Village</i> . . . . .	A. G. Vickers . . . . .	— Hardwicke, Esq.	
<i>The Edinburgh</i>	<i>Capt. Marshall,</i>	G. P. Reinagle . . . . .	M. Vicar, Esq.	
<i>off the Foreland</i>				
<i>The East India</i>	<i>Ship Duke of</i>			
<i>Buccleuch</i> . . . . .	Ditto . . . . .	R. Green, Esq.		
<i>Study, near Graves-</i>	<i>end</i> . . . . .	W. Kidd . . . . .	Sir G. Hamilton.	
<i>Carriage Horses</i> . . . . .	W. Hawkins . . . . .	Gen. Hardwicke . . . . .		
<i>The Bird's Nest</i> . . . . .	P. Simpson . . . . .	W. Lewis, Esq.		
<i>The Tallman</i> . . . . .	E. F. Green . . . . .	Sir R. Vyvyan . . . . .		

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Heath's Gallery of British Engravings.* No. I. Longman and Co.

WITHIN the last three weeks we have noticed the spoliation of the English publishing trade effected by cheap editions got up in Paris, and also by immediate reprints in America, generally on inferior paper, in a lower style, and with slovenly incorrectness. If these remarks apply to the mere copy of printing, how much more forcibly do they bear upon the imitation or copy of works of art? Originally of great cost, employing high talents in various ways, and, in order to remunerate the painter, or draughtsman, the engraver, and the publisher, either necessary to be sold in large numbers, or at considerable prices, it is obvious that if these are immediately pirated, poorly executed, and made to glut the market at a paltry cost (though more than they are worth), a severe blow is struck at the genius, industry, and capital of England in this particular branch of production. It is to meet this evil that Mr. Heath has had recourse to the present re-issue in a new and very cheap form of the plates which have appeared in his several Annuals—the "Keepsake," "Book of Beauty," "Turner's Tour," and the "Picturesque." In his address he says:—

"The great superiority of the English engravers over those of the Continent, in the execution of small plates, is so universally acknowledged, that the publishers and proprietors of Annuals, and similar works, depend, for a considerable portion of their remuneration, upon the foreign markets. With much anxiety, therefore, the proprietor of the 'Keepsake,' the 'Book of Beauty,' the 'Picturesque Annual,' and 'Turner's Annual Tour,' has recently discovered that an influential German house is actually employing various English engravers to copy, for Continental circulation at a low price, and consequently in an inferior style, the most approved plates which have adorned his various works. That some idea may be formed of the extent of the contemplated injury, the proprietor has only to mention, that in many instances those elaborately finished specimens of British Art have cost him from one hundred to one hundred and eighty guineas; and that in some cases the copyrights of the pictures alone, independently of the engraving, have amounted to one hundred and fifty guineas each. As this unjust and illiberal proceeding, for which the laws of England afford no remedy, not only injures the character of these costly works, by the inferiority of the counterfeit, but destroys a principal source of his profits: the proprietor feels himself compelled to come forward and meet his opponents—and he hopes, defeat them—on their own ground. This he purposes doing by offering to the public, both of England and the Continent, impressions from the original plates, at a less price than his competitors can sell their cheap and inaccurate copies."

To this, as the friends in every case of the fair principle which ought to secure the reward

to those who have earned it, and not hand it over to the race of parasitical imitators, who try to fatten on the brains and talents of others, we have only to add that there are here three sweet subjects on steel, and the price a great one!! It will be difficult to undersell that.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.* Parts XI., XII., and XIII. Murray.

THERE is not one of the twelve plates in these three parts which does not deserve to be spoken of with the highest admiration. Perhaps the most striking, with reference both to subject and to treatment, are:—"Sardis," drawn by C. Stanfield, R.A., from a sketch made on the spot; "Mount Sinai," drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., from a sketch by Gally Knight, Esq.; "Nineveh," drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., from a sketch by the late J. C. Rich, Esq.; "Damascus," drawn by A. W. Calcott, from a sketch by C. Barry, Esq.; "The Mamertine Prison at Rome" (in which St. Peter and St. Paul were confined), drawn and sketched on the spot by W. Linton; "The Aeropagus," drawn by C. Stanfield, R.A., from a sketch by W. Page; and "The Cedars of Lebanon," drawn by J. D. Harding, from a sketch by C. Barry, Esq. Of the last Mr. Horne says:—

"These far-famed trees are situated on a small eminence in a valley at the foot of the highest part of the mountain; the land on the mountain's side has a sterile aspect, and the trees are remarkable by being altogether in one clump. By the natives they are called Anleban. There are in fact two generations of trees: the oldest are large and massy, four, five, or even seven trunks springing from one base; they rear their heads to an enormous height, spreading their branches afar; and they are not found in any other part of Lebanon, though young trees are occasionally met with. The ancient cedars—those which superstition has consecrated as holy, and which are the chief object of the traveller's curiosity—have been gradually diminishing in number for the last three centuries. In 1550, Belloni found them to be twenty-eight in number; Ranwolf, in 1575, counted twenty-four; Dandini, in 1600, and Thevenot, about fifty years after, enumerated twenty-three, which Maundrell, in 1697, states were reduced to sixteen; Dr. Pocock, in 1738, found fifteen standing, and one which had been recently blown down; Burckhardt, in 1810, counted eleven or twelve; twenty-five others were very large ones, about fifty of middle size, and more than three hundred smaller and young ones. Lastly, in 1818, Dr. Richardson found that the old cedars, 'the glory of Lebanon,' were no more than seven in number. In the course of another century, it is probable that not a vestige of them will remain, and the predictions of the prophets will then be most literally fulfilled."

*Spanish Mendicants.* J. F. Lewis. Engraved by G. Lewis.

THIS is a beautiful print, and replete with character. The mendicants, a father and two daughters, form a group worthy of Murillo; and the contrast between the two churches, to whom the petition is preferred, is excellent. The bearded sanctity of the one, and the sly voluptuousness of the other, are expressed with infinite talent. But still the greater interest will be felt for the swarth beggar and his children, bending in humility, or gazing with childish wonder. The accessories, too, are ably painted, and the whole a graceful and most pleasing work.

## MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE third concert, on Monday last, was excellent in every respect. The vocal part was sustained by Grisi, Rubini, and Giubilei, and the instrumental by that combination of first-rate talent which is always met with here. The opening piece was Spohr's new characteristic symphony, which was performed at the Philharmonic Concerts a few weeks ago. This composition contains some delightful passages, but it would be improved by a little judicious pruning, as all the movements are too much spun out. A quartet, by Mayseder, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, was most charmingly performed by Messrs. Mori, Griesbach, Watkins, and Lindley. The three last, indeed, were mere accompanists to the first; but so exquisitely did they play the subordinate parts allotted to them, as to make it matter of regret that the composition did not bring their talents more conspicuously forward. Dragonetti had a fairer opportunity of shewing his wonderful execution, in a trio by Handel, for violin, violoncello, and double-bass, which was erroneously marked as a duet in the programme. Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is a decided invention, and a most delightful one too. How cheering to meet with so much vigour and originality in the production of a living composer! The spirited manner in which these concerts are proceeded with, deserves, and we hope will secure, the most ample encouragement from that public to whose entertainment they so largely contribute. The cheerful appearance of the Opera Concert Room, which has been renovated this season, harmonises well with the agreeable sensations excited by the good music so often heard within its walls. Q.

## DRAMA.

EASTER Monday is particularly the dramatic naturalia. Every theatre sports what novelties it can command, or furishes up old things to look, like clothes in the Jew shops, "quite ash good ash new." Time out of mind this has been the era for gorgeous spectacles: the larger houses having, by custom, taught the public to look for such pieces as appropriate to the season. But recently, since there has been little else throughout the year except gaudy shows, it seems to have become necessary, for variety's sake, to adopt some other sort of drama to these holidays. The result, on the present occasion, is noted below.

## KING'S THEATRE.

WE are often doomed to have our equanimity disturbed in some way or other, when we visit this place of fashionable resort. The numerous auditors who attended the representation of *La Gazza Ladra* on Tuesday night, were cheated of one of the most attractive things in the opera, the duet "Ebben per mia memoria," which was omitted, with the entire prison scene of which it forms a part. This was the only favourable opportunity, throughout the evening, of hearing the voices of Grisi and Brambilla together; and the latter was, by this piece of mismanagement, thrown completely into the back-ground. Notwithstanding this disappointment, and it was no slight one to us, we are bound to confess that we received much gratification from the rest of the

performance. The acting of Grisi and Tamburini, as the heroine and her father, was truly delightful; and though some of the vocal pieces (among them Grisi's first song, "Di piacer"), were injured by the Italian love of exuberant ornament, yet others were rendered highly attractive by Italian grace and refinement. We have no report to make of the ballet, as the opera lasted till near midnight; and even the inimitable Taglioni herself could hardly induce us to sit pent up in a theatre one hour after that time. On Thursday *Anna Bolena* was the opera; too late for remarks, and we have only to say, that Grisi is a delightful royal victim.

## DRURY LANE.

AFTER *Masaniello*, what is now called a Domestic Drama, why, is not so apparent, was produced, being an alteration from a French melo-drama (*Les Faussaires Anglais*) founded on a French novel, and said to be peculiarly agreeable to the prevailing Parisian taste for the sweetly exciting horrors of incest, suicide, murder, and other elegant depravities. It is a clear case of swindling, forgery, and felony, upon which, at the end, we see the curtain drop instead of the Old Bailey, the heroes, consistent to the last, having cheated the gallows and destroyed each other. Though the personages and action are as low as possible, the dialogue makes some amends by being as high as ever king Cambrises used; so that altogether it is not wonderful that this Gambling Concern was found to be perfectly fit for Drury Lane.

## COVENT GARDEN.

FROM the same author, Mr. Fitzball (as one management ought, for uniformity's sake, to have unity of authorship), we have a romantic melo-drama called *Carlmilhan, or the Drowned Crew*. In this one half the characters are living Shetlanders, and the other half the crew of a ship who have been buried under the waters for a few hundred years. The captain, *Carlmilhan*, is, nevertheless, of so inflammable an earth that he falls in love with a Highland lass, and the plot consists of his attempts to win her from her natural lover. It is superhuman versus human. The scenery is ultra-marine; the other materials as usual for composites of the sort. The chief, and indeed almost the only merit of the whole is the carpenter's management of the sea; so that on the stage where Shakespeare ought to be, we can at least say there is a Shaksperian feature—"a tide in the affairs of men."

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE three novelties with which the season has opened are of different qualities and different merits, but all affording evidence of the enterprise of the management and the desire to cultivate native talent. The first piece, by Miss Mitford, is from the *Tales of the Genii*, and called *Sadak and Kalasrade*; the music by Mr. Packer, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music. Of this opera we cannot speak in terms of very high praise; for we found it monotonous, both in construction and music. Miss E. Romer, as *Kalasrade*, did not seem to be quite at home; it was impossible she should be so with the music she had to give: Miss Somerville sang very sweetly what she had to do; and Mrs. Gordon (late Miss Harrington) pleased us much. Wilson's part offered him no opportunity for producing any great effect. Phillips's, however, was better, and he was in fine voice. The recitative throughout is too level; not so the scenery, which is superb;

but we should advise the substitution of some other opera, as soon as may be.

*My Fellow Clerk* (the second piece) is a droll and lively farce, in which Wrench and Oxberry excite the risibility of the audience from beginning to end. Miss P. Horton, also, both acts and sings charmingly. We were glad to see her reception here did justice to her talents.

*The Shadow on the Wall*, a drama, in two acts, is quite a hit, in which we alternately roar with laughter at Keeley's humours in *Bill Stump*, and melt into tears at the affecting pathos of his wife, as *Cicely*. It is a touching performance; and Mr. Serle, by his impressive acting, adds all that could be wished to the deeper interest of the scene.

Of the exertions of the minor theatres we hear good reports. Ducrow is in full force at Astley's with the *Siege of Jerusalem* and mighty deeds of horsemanship; the Surrey is quite horrible and comic; the Queen's relying principally on female beauty and attractions; Sadler's Wells, melo-dramatic and successful; and there are several others that "we know not of," except that we see their bills posted all over the town.

## VARIETIES.

*Etruscan Antiquities*.—A letter of the 2d inst. from Rome, mentions the successful result of excavations making at Vulcia (now Jenuta di Campo Scala). Besides finely painted cups and vases found in the tombs, three colossal statues in marble, and one in bronze, have been dug up from the town, together with columns bearing Latin and Etruscan inscriptions in bas-relief, and instruments of gold and silver.

*Literary Encouragement*.—Another instance of Sir Robert Peel's generosity towards literary men has been stated since our last. During his ministry, hearing of the distressed situation of poor crippled Banim, Sir Robert sent him 50*l.*; but afterwards learning the deep extent of his misfortunes, Sir Robert, since he left office, transmitted him another hundred pounds.

The Royal Geographical Society of Paris has conferred its silver medal on our countryman, Lieut. Burnes, author of *Travels into Bokhara*.

*Deadly Comfortable*.—Among the curious advertisements of the day is one for making coffins comfortable by lining them with caoutchouc. This, says the ingenious speculator, will make them "perfectly water-proof." If another can make them fire-proof, nothing more need be desired in this respect. This is pretty well matched by a Parisian advertisement of last week, which says: "Foreigners have the advantage of knowing that Mr. Abel is authorised to inter them as soon as convenient; having an extensive stock of oak, &c. he hopes his friends will favour him with an early application. He can be strongly recommended."

*The Press*.—A Society to *Promote the Proper use of the Press* has been established in Denmark, and held its first general meeting at Copenhagen on the 30th of March. From three to four hundred members were admitted, and rules and regulations adopted.

*The Abbé de la Mennais*, whose work we lately reviewed, is determined to be stirring in the cause. For want, perhaps, of honest lawyers in France, our abbé has published the offer of his services to defend the prisoners accused of treason before the House of Peers.

*Vesuvius*.—A grand explosion took place on the 1st instant. It lasted about three hours, and then the mountain became quiet again.

\* Saluted emperor by the soldiers in the reign of Aurelian; and together with his son, afterwards treated by him in the kindest manner, and with the utmost distinction.

**Extraordinary Mortality.**—The *Times* of Thursday contains the report of a law-suit, headed, "Doe on the Demise of the Bank of England!" The poor old lady of Threadneedle Street!

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are overwhelmed with Novels this week, having no fewer than six or seven publications of that kind on our table for review; of which we have noticed as many as we can in one Number.

The Lecture delivered by Mr. Landseer at the Royal Institution (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 949), on a rock in the Holy Land sculptured with Egyptian and Assyrian hieroglyphics, with two illustrative lithographs by Mr. Joseph Bonomi, is in the press.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, by W. Wordsworth, Esq. 18mo. 8vo. 9s. 6d. The Gipsy, a Romance, by the Author of "Rochester," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—A few Practical Observations on Cupping, by Joseph Staples, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Rev. Edward Thompson's Sermon upon the present Crisis, 8vo. 1s.—Political Duty and Interest the same, addressed to the Electors of Great Britain generally, 8vo. 1s.—The Heir of Mordaunt, by the Author of "Adelaide," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies, by S. Warren, 8vo. new edit. 1s. 6d.—The Heavens, by Robert Mudge, royal 18mo. 5s. cloth.—Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal, in 1832, 33, and 34, by Lieut.-Colonel Lovell Badcock, 8vo. 12s. bds.—My Life, by the Author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Report of Commissioners on Municipal Corporations, Parts I. and II. folio, each 25s. cloth.—Historical Sketches: Spain and Portugal, Vol. I. 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Historical Pictures of England, Vol. I. with 42 woodcuts, 18mo. 3s. cloth.—Christian Theology, by Adam Clarke, from his writings; with his Life, by Samuel Dunn, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—An Essay on the Nature of Diseases, by A. Green, LL.D. 12mo. 2s.—Caroline, or the Pleasures of a Birth-Day, by M. M. Rodwell, square 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—The Spoiled Child Reclaimed, by the same Author, square 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Principles of Practical Perspective, by R. Brown, Part II. 2d edit. 4to. 18s. cloth.—Ditto, ditto, complete in 1 vol. 4to. 11. 11s. 6d. cloth.—Key to the Symbolical Language of Scripture, by T. Wemiss, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Essay on the Happiness of the Life to come, 4th edit. royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. silk.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 16	From 39 to 41	30.04 to 30.12
Friday... 17	... 27 ... 43	30.16 ... 30.18
Saturday... 18	... 26 ... 46	30.08 ... 30.01
Sunday... 19	... 26 ... 50	30.06 ... 30.16
Monday... 20	... 33 ... 53	30.21 ... 30.25
Tuesday... 21	... 42 ... 51	30.35 ... 30.36
Wednesday 22	... 39 ... 61	30.32 ... 30.34

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.  
Snow at times on the afternoon of the 16th and 17th; the flakes on that of the 16th remarkably large. A little rain on the night of the 21st; otherwise generally clear.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude.....3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. March 1835.

Thermometer—Highest.....	56° 00'—the 14th.
Lowest.....	25 25—the 29th.
Mean.....	39 43.225.
Barometer—Highest.....	30 49—the 25th.
Lowest.....	28 63—the 7th & 9th.
Mean.....	29 49.118.

Number of days of rain, 19.  
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2.93125.  
Winds.—1 East—5 West—5 North—4 South—2 North-east—1 South-east—19 North-west.

**General Observations.**—The month was considerably colder than last March, and below the average temperature of the month; the mean of the barometer was also lower than last year, although the maximum was higher than since 1830. The quantity of rain was greater than usual for the month, and nearly five times as much as in March last year. Thunder was heard and lightning seen on the night of the 5th for several hours, and on the 23 and 24th it blew heavy gales in the night. Lunar halos were observed on the 6th, 8th, and 13th—on the first of which nights, Jupiter was seen within the circle; the prevailing winds were from the northward.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to acknowledge the fourth volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's arduous and valuable work, the History of the British Colonies; to which we shall pay due attention with all convenient speed.

In the article on "Coal-Tar Gas," in our last *Gazette*, the address of Mr. Beale was omitted because it would, if inserted, have been an advertisement.

### ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The General Anniversary Meeting for the Election of the President, Vice-President, Council, and Officers for the ensuing Year, will be held on Thursday, the 30th instant, at the Society's House, St. Martin's Place, Charing Cross.  
The Chair will be taken at Four o'clock precisely.

RICHARD CATERMOLE, Secretary.

#### ELEMENTARY LECTURES in

CHEMISTRY.—Professor Daniell will, after the Easter recess, deliver a Course of Eight familiar Lectures upon Volta-Electricity, founded upon the recent Researches and Discoveries of Dr. Faraday. They will commence on Thursday, the 30th instant, at Three o'clock p.m. and will be continued on each succeeding Thursday, at the same hour, till the end of the Course. Fee, 12 s.  
King's College, London, April 21.

#### ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND;

under the Patronage of the King established 1819, incorporated by Royal Charter August 21, 1827. The Twenty-sixth Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemason's Hall on Saturday, the 9th of May, 1835.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

Lord Viscount Ebrington,

Right Hon. Sir J. B. Boscawen,

Sir John Rennie,

Sir Robert Smirke, Bart. M.P.

George Baker, Esq.

A. Cooper, Esq. R.A.

George Clint, Esq. R.A.

George T. Dox, Esq.

Wm. Finden, Esq.

James Goding, Esq.

John Gaskoin, Esq.

Wm. Humphreys, Esq.

Richard Hodgson, Esq.

Wm. Morant, Jun. Esq.

Benjamin M. Oliver, Esq.

E. Southey Rogers, Esq.

C. R. Stanley, Esq.

John Wallis, Esq.

Tickets, 20s. to be had of the Stewards, at the Bar of Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, 112 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

#### Valuable Collection of Books.

By MESSRS. SOUTHGATE AND SON,

AT THEIR WEEKLY SALE-ROOMS,

No. 23 FLEET STREET,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY, APRIL 25th),

AND THREE FOLLOWING DAYS:

INCLUDING THE

LIBRARY OF A GENTLEMAN,

Removed from the Country; among which will be found,

In Folio, Camden's Britannia, by Gough, 3 vols.—Lyon's Woodchester—Canova's Works, by Moses, 3 vols. large paper—Museum Worsleyanum, 2 vols.—Maitland's London, 2 vols., best edition—Voyage Pittoresque des Isles de Sicile, &c. 4 vols.—In Quarto, Philosophical Transactions, 1785 to 1834—Encyclopædia Britannica, 20 vols.—Gill's Commentary on the Bible, 9 vols.—Cumberland's Outlines from the Ancients, large paper—Britton's Architectural Antiquities, 5 vols.—Pinkerton's Voyages, 17 vols.—Webster's English Dictionary, 2 vols.—Richardson's Arabic and Persian Dictionary, 2 vols.—Hedwig's Specimen Muscorum, 11 vols.—Dizionario della Lingua Italiana, 7 vols.—Narten's and Octavo, Hansard's Parliamentary History and Debates, 122 vols.—The Oxford Editions of the Works of Robertson, Johnson, Home, and Smollett, half-bound in Turkey Morocco—European Scenery by Batty, &c. 5 vols. morocco—Bouffon's Histoire Naturelle, 54 vols. coloured Plates—Temminck Manuel d'Ornithologie, 5 vols.—Verner Atlas des Oiseaux, col. Plates—Guicciardini di Botta Storia d'Italia, 20 vols.—Narten's Recueil de Traites, 22 vols.—Œuvres Complètes de Voltaire, 3 vols.—Œuvres de Volney, 8 vols. &c.

Together with a Portion of the

LAW LIBRARY OF A BARRISTER,

Consisting of Reports and Modern Practical Treatises. A choice

COLLECTION OF FOREIGN BOOKS

on Natural History and General Literature.

ORIENTAL BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

STOCK OF A FANCY STATIONER, &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

#### WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS,

CABINET PAINTINGS, &c.

ON FRIDAY, MAY 1st, AND THREE

FOLLOWING DAYS,

Comprising Specimens by Austin, Atkins, Bright, Cox, Coney, Cipriani, Daniels, Hewitt, Lane, Nicholson, Pugin, Phillips, Prout, Rowlandson, Robson, Silk, Varley, Westall, &c. &c.  
May be viewed the Day preceding and Morning of Sale.  
Catalogues (price 1s.) may be had at the Rooms.

\* Money advanced, and Valuations of every Description of Property, for the payment of the Legacy Duty, &c.

#### THE PASSES of the ALPS,

By WM. BROCKEDON.

Containing above one hundred Plates, in two Volumes, bound in cloth and lettered, colombia 8vo. 19 guineas; royal 4to. proofs, 15 guineas; ditto, India paper, 20 guineas.  
A few copies of this splendid work may be had of the Author, 20 Devonshire Street, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, or through the booksellers.

Also, by the same Author,

Journals of Excursions in the Alps, demy 8vo. with a Map, price 10s. 6d.  
James Duncan, 37 Paternoster Row.

#### THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, will open on Monday next, 27th instant. Open each day from Nine till dusk.

Admittance, One Shilling.—Catalogue, Sixpence.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

#### LOOK TO YOUR LOCKS!

AN EXPOSURE OF THE SYSTEM PURSUED BY THE

VENDERS OF LOCKS.

THE limited space of an Advertisement

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